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2
P O E M S, K. 2

WITH A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

BY *****

Wm. P. Cunningham



O! Nymph divine, wilt thou one Smile diffuse?
One Smile from thee, will cheer the trembling Muse;
Who, at thy sacred Shrine, submissive pays
The truest Homage, in the humblest Lays.

L O N D O N:

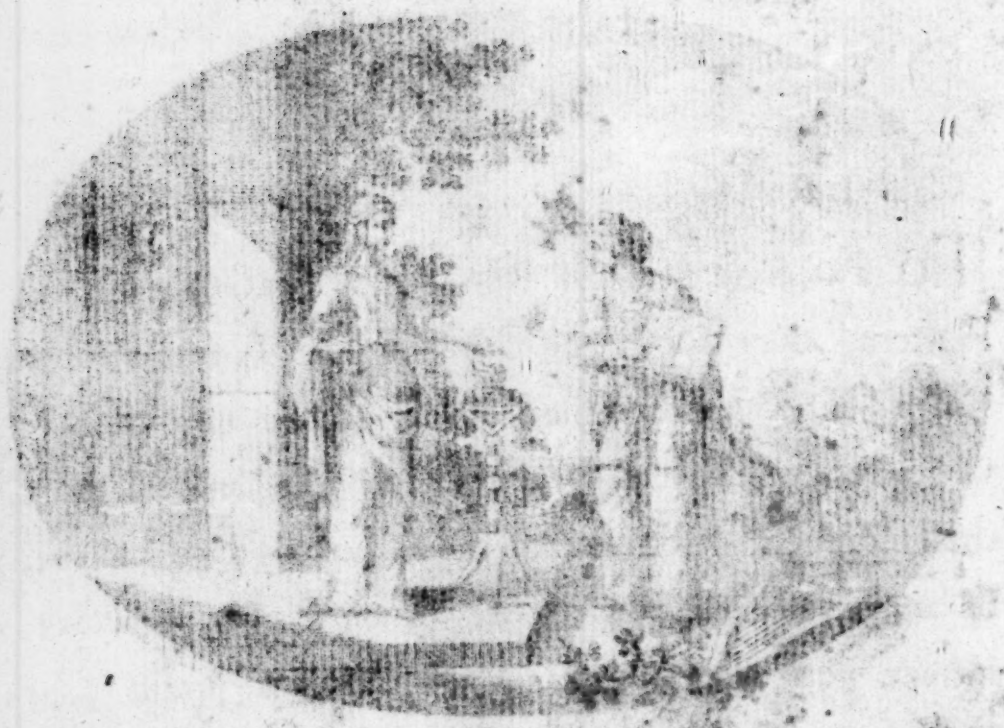
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and F. NEWBERRY.

P. O. F. M. S.

WITH A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

BY *****



O'er the hills and valleys, with their winding paths,
One gentle breeze, who eases the weary limbs,
To rest, at the foot of some sublime peak,
The sweetest pleasure, in the world, is found.

LONDON: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Johnson, P. Leary, T. Agnew,
and J. Newberry.

JONAS HANWAY, ESQ;

“ Him portion'd Maids, apprentic'd Orphans blest,

“ The Young who labour, and the Old who rest.”

POPE.

S I R !

TO a second Man of Ross, a Dedication, without Flattery, may surely be allow'd; as Truth, in her native Shape, appears most lovely. The Similitude of Characters will, by all who have read the One and have the Happiness of knowing the Other, I dare believe, be universally acknowledged. I must, Sir, however, intreat your Pardon, for presuming to prefix your Name to the following Sheets, without informing you of my Intention; but, as it affords me the pleasing Opportunity of acknowledging the repeated Favours you have honoured me with, I could not resist the Temptation

D E D I C A T I O N .

tation of paying you this publick Tribute of Respect
and Gratitude; being, with the highest Regard,

S I R,

Your greatly obliged,

Bloomsbury Square,
May 13, 1771.

And most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

T H E

T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH E Authour of the subsequent Sheets, which were the Produce of her leisure Moments, now humbly presents them to the Publick ; and will esteem her Time well employ'd, should they afford real Entertainment to her Readers, especially those of her own Sex. She has neither the Vanity nor Folly to imagine, that they have any great Merit, but has the Happiness to reflect, that she is not conscious of imparting one injurious Idea, or of having inserted one Line that vestal Maids might not hear ; and therefore she hopes, at least, to be clear of incurring any
illiberal

P R E F A C E.

illiberal Reflection, or of drawing Contempt upon the very small Group of Female Writers. She would, indeed, highly exult to approve herself, in some Degree, worthy of the very distinguished List of Subscribers with which she is honour'd; to whom, and to the candid Publick, she with Deference submits the following Collection.

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Page 11, for perilious, read perilous

13, for O'erchang'd, read O'ercharg'd

76, for rustlings, read rustling

105, for Edy, read Eddy

131, 132, 142, and 145, for Shakespeare, read Shakespear

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173, for dilplay, read display

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172. for persons, read persons

173. for O'Connell, read O'Connell

174. for nothing, read nothing

175. for Eddy, read Eddy

176. 177. and 178. for nothing, read nothing

179. and 180. for nothing, read nothing

181. for nothing, read nothing

TALIESIN'S POEM

T O

PRINCE ELPHIN;

F R O M

MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELCH POETRY.

LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written by Taliesin, Chief of the Cambrian Bards, who lived in the Sixth Century; it is addressed to Prince Elphin, his Patron, Son of Gwyddno Garanir, a petty King of Cantre'r Gwaelod, to console him upon his past Misfortune, and to exhort him to put his Trust in Divine Providence.

2



TALIESIN'S POEM

TO

P R I N C E E L P H I N .

I.

ELPHIN! fair as roseate Morn,
Cease, O! lovely Youth to mourn;
Mortals never should presume
To dispute their Maker's Doom,

B 2

Feeble

4 TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN.

Feeble Race too blind to scan
What th' Almighty deigns for Man ;
Humble Hope be still thy Guide,
Steady Faith thy only Pride,
Then Despair will fade away,
Like Demons at th' approach of Day :
Cunllo's Prayers acceptance gain,
Goodness never sues in vain ;
He who form'd the Sky is just,
In him alone, O ! Elphin, trust.
See glist'ning Spoils in Shoals appear,
Fate smiles this Hour on Gwiddno's^a Wear.

^a A Wear was a Place fenced off in some Inlet of the Sea, and was so formed that, when the Tide came in, Fish were carried into it, and left there at the ebbing of the Tide ; and the Profits, arising from the Sale of the Fish thus caught, were the chief Revenues of the Princes of those Times.

II.

Elphin ! fair, the Clouds dispell,
That on thy lovely Visage dwell ;
Wipe, ah wipe, the pearly Tear,
Nor let thy manly Bosom fear ;
What good can Melancholy give ?
'Tis Bondage in her Train to live ;
Fruitless Sorrow Doubts proclaim,
Ill suit those Doubts a Christian's Name ;
Thy great Creator's Wonders trace,
His love divine to mortal Race,
Then Doubt, and Fear, and Pain will fly,
And Hope beam radiant in thine Eye :
Behold me least of Humankind,
Yet Heav'n illumines my soaring Mind.
Lo ! from the yawning Deep ^b I came,
Friend to thy Lineage and thy Fame,

^b It is recorded of Taliesin, that he was found, enwrapped in a
leathern

6 TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN.

To point Thee out the Paths of Truth,
To guard from hidden Rocks thy Youth ;
From Seas, from Mountains, far and wide,
God will the good and virtuous guide.

III.

Elphin ! fair, with Virtue blest,
Let not that Virtue idly rest ;
If rous'd 'twill yield thee sure relief,
And banish far unmanly Grief :
Think on that Pow'r whose Arm can save,
Who e'en can snatch thee from the Grave ;
He bade my Harp for thee be strung,
Prophetick Lays he taught my Tongue.

leathern Bag, floating in a Wear belonging to Gwyddno, the Profit of which he had given to his Son, Prince Elphin ; that the Prince ordered him to be taken care of, gave him the best Education, upon which he became the most celebrated Bard of his Time.

Though

TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN. 7

Though like a slender Reed I grow,
Toft by the Billows too and fro,
Yet ftill, by him inspir'd, my Song
The Weak can raife, confound the Strong :
Am not I better, Elphin ! fay,
Than Thousands of thy fcaly Prey ?

IV.

Elphin ! fair as rofeate Morn,
Ceafe, O ! lovely Youth to mourn.
Weak on my leathern Couch I lye,
Yet heav'nly Lore I can defcry ;
Gifts divine my Tongue inspire,
My Bosom glows celestial Fire ;
Mark ! how it mounts, my Lips difclofe
The certain Fate of Elphin's Foes ;
Fix thy Hopes on him alone,
Who is th' eternal Three in One ;

There

8 TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN.

There thy ardent Vows be given,
Prayer acceptance meets from Heaven ;
Then Thou shalt adverse Fate defy,
And Elphin glorious live and dye.

A N
E L E G Y
O N
N E E S T;

FROM

MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELCH POETRY.

LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Elegy was written by Einion, Son of Gwalchmai, about the Year 1240, on the Death of Nest, or, according to the English Pronunciation, Neest, the Daughter of Howel, Son of Owain Gwyned, Prince of North Wales, known by the Name of the Dragon of Mona: Howel was a celebrated Bard in his Time, and one of his Father's Generals in his Wars against the English, Flemings, and Normans, in South Wales.

AN
ELEGY
ON
NEEST;
BY EMINION.

FAIR blooms the Spring, in vernal Honours gay,
The thick'ning Groves their warbling Tenants shade,
Where each, extatic, swells th' harmonious Lay,
And kens with rapt'rous Eye the verdant Glade.

Smooth'd is the Bosom of the perilious Deep,
Even the wide foaming Billows are at peace;
Gently the varying Tides a cadence keep,
And the rude Winds their blust'ring Fury cease.

But, ah! my Griefs what Season can remove,
Stronger than blowing Winds, or dashing Wave;
Nor Spring, nor Summer, can abate my Love,
Or, of one pious Drop, defraud the Grave.

O! Pray'r divine, thy potent Balm impart,
'Tis thine, alone, Misfortune's Wounds to heal;
Thy sacred Armour may secure my Heart,
And teach me how to suffer, though I feel:

But I must speak! my Grief will force its Way,
Keen is my Sorrow, loudly let me mourn;
For sad Remembrance treasures still the Day,
That saw Thee, lovely Neest! to Earth return.

By Teivis' mournful Stream I pensive stray;
I heard th' affrighted Waves terrific roar,
To Beli's^d Confines, sad, the Tale convey,
That Neest, the gentle Maiden, was no more.

^c A River in Cardiganshire. ^d What Country this is, is quite uncertain.

Bright were thy Charms, tho' now, alas! no more,
Theme fit for Bards, the Pride of British Lyre ;
Each Bard for thee, exhausted Fancy's Store,
For like Elivri's* could thine Eyes inspire.

But now my pensive Heart, Oh! sad reverse,
O'erchang'd with Woe thy Elegy prepares ;
Thou! ever present, yes I'll strew thy Hearse,
And on thy stony Dwelling shower my Tears.

O! Cadvan's† brightest Star, how didst thou shine
In filken Garments beautifully gay ;
How did thy Rays Dufunni's‡ Banks refine,
Enliv'ning Nature like the Orb of Day.

* Elivri, the Name of a Woman, but who she was or when she lived, is not clear.

† Cadvan is the Saint of Towyn Meirionnydd.

‡ Dyfynni, or Dufunni, is the Name of a River that runs by Towyn.

14. AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

Consummate Prudence crown'd thy Bloom of Youth,
Blest with a Heart unknown to base Disguise,
A constant Vot'ry at the Shrine of Truth,
Whose sacred Precepts made thee truly wise.

But now, for ever gone, in silence laid
In the cold Tomb which ruddy Earth confines,
Torn from my ravish'd Eye, the peerless Maid,
Lovely in Death, the Grief of Bards, reclines.

Each Bard, each Druid, mourn'd her timeless Fate,
For She to Bard, and Druid still was dear,
Eternal Honours, round her Tomb shall wait,
There still shall flow the Verse, shall drop the Tear.

Keen as the pouncing Hawk's her piercing Eye,
Her long Descent from Royal Line proclaim'd,
Of Venedotia She, the Pride, the Joy,
For fairest Virtue, as for Beauty fam'd.

Friend

Friend to the Bard with princely Hand she gave,
Still generous the Mind where Goodness reigns;
And is that Goodness sunk into the Grave;
Now Death thy Sting I feel, its sharpest Pains.

Nor can aught heal the pungent Wound it made,
Undone for ever by the fatal Blow,
Now equal to my Eye the Light or Shade,
Still bleeds my Heart, nor cease my Eyes to flow.

And though all grieve, yet none like me can mourn,
For she was dearer far to me than Light,
Yes, Neest is gone, ah! never to return,
And with her light-wing'd Pleasure took its flight.

But cruel Death relentless sees my Woe,
Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs, his rigid Heart can move,
All must submit to his resistless Blow,
He bursts the Bonds of Nature and of Love.

O! gen'rous Neest, in Earth's cold Bosom laid,
Safe in thy lone Retreat thy Ashes rest,
Strong as Pryderi's was my Grief display'd,
Fresh Sorrow's hoarding in my penfive Breast.

For never can my Sorrows cease to flow,
Ne'er can the Current of my Woes be dry,
Still, still I'll tend thee, round thy Tomb I'll go,
Not Death can hide thee from a Lover's Eye.

I see his dreary Veil around thee spread,
Even o'er that Face which shone like pearly Dew,
Fair as the Virgin Snow on ^a Eiry's Head,
And form'd of Beauty all I ever knew.

^a Eryri, Snoudon; called Creigiau Eryri, and Mynydd Eyri, that is, the Rocks and Mountains of Snow, from Eiry, which signifies Snow.

AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

17

O! thou great Maker of the Earth and Sky,
Whose gracious Ears ne'er close to humble Prayer,
Grant mine may mount, like winged Spirits fly,
Safe to thy Throne, and find Acceptance there.

O! grant that beauteous Maid, who shone below,
Glittering like Pearls with Virtues given by thee,
May now in Beauties, more celestial glow,
From Sin byⁱ Dewi's Intercession free.

Let thy bright beaming Mercy round her shine,
May She with Saints and Martyrs chaunt thy Praise,
With holy Mary join the Song divine,
And to thy Name her loud Hosanna's raise.

ⁱ Dewi, Saint David, a Bishop in the time of King Arthur, and the Patron
Saint of the Principality of Wales.

AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

Boundless my Love, it mounts, it soars on high,
May good Saint Peter ever be her Guard,
My God, behold her with a gracious Eye,
And grant thy Heav'n may be her great Reward.

THE

PARTY COLOURED SHIELD,

A

F A B L E.

PARITY COLOURED SHIELD

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Ground Work of the following Fable was taken from Sir Harry Beaumont.

THE PARTY COLOURED SHIELD,
PARTY COLOURED SHIELD,

F A B L E

IN Days when Chivalry prevail'd,
And many a doughty Chief assail'd,
Who oft in quest of noble Fight,
Set out array'd like Mancha's Knight;
When Ignorance o'erspread this Isle,
Since blest'd with Reason's sacred Smile,
A valiant Prince, whose Deeds in Verse,
Some loftier Poet shall rehearse,
Immortal Victory to requite,
For all his Glories gain'd in Fight,
Commands with utmost Skill and Care,
The choicest Artists to prepare

A

A curious Statue—They obey'd
In reverence to the Prince and Maid.

And now behold the Statue brought,
Finish'd as e'er Pygmalion wrought,
And in a Point of certain View,
To which Four Roads directly drew,
On Pedestal of Gothick Taste,
The coy, triumphant, Damsel plac'd;
Her right Hand grasp'd a pointed Spear,
The Emblem of destructive War,
Her left reclin'd upon a Shield,
Whose outside blaz'd a golden Field,
But paler Lustre next her Breast
Mild Silver's modest Ray confess'd;
One Side inscrib'd with Celtick Lays,
Fair Victory's dread Might displays,

Conspicuous

Conspicuous on the other shone,
The Homage he was proud to own.

One Morn it chanc'd, as Chance oft brings
From meereft Trifles mighty Things,
Two noble Knights arm'd Cap-a-Pee,
As trim as errant Knights could be;
One all in Sable Armour dight,
And One array'd in lovely white,
From different Quarters posting came
In search of all inspiring Fame:
The Statue soon attracts their Eyes,
Both gaz'd, and Both confest Surprize;
One views the golden Side, and One
The Side where modest Silver shone;
When each with fimilar Delight,
The different Beauties thus recite:
And first began the Sable Knight.

This

" This golden Shield, and fine Device,
 " Proclaims the Artift bold and nice :"
 " This golden Shield I" reply'd the Other,
 " Surely you've loft your Sight good Brother,
 " If I have Eyes, or aught can view,
 " This Shield is of a Silver Hue :
 " Sir !" quoth the Knight array'd in black,
 " Yourself both Sight and Judgment lack;
 " For fure as I am errant Knight,
 " Or ever broke a Lance in Fight,
 " This Shield we wond'ring here behold,
 " This Shield, I fay, is fculptur'd Gold :"
 The other, with contempt'ous Sneer
 And filent Scorn, repays the Jeer.

Now Anger glares, and from their Eyes
 Dite mper'd Passion's Light'ning flies;

Defiance

Defiance on Defiance hurl'd,
And Fury's Banners are unfurl'd;
Swiftly their foaming Palfreys wheel,
While each prepares the biting Steel;
Quick the well brandish'd Lances join,
And Chivalry's best Arts combine;
Sharp was the Combat, sharp their Points,
Bruis'd were their Sides, and stiff their Joints:
His Rozinante now each Knight
Forfakes, in most disastrous Plight;
The purple Tides, distain the Ground,
Which flow from many a gashly Wound,
When a sage Druid chanc'd to rove,
From 'midst his Oak-embow'ring Grove;
He was of Truth the sacred Guide,
His warlike Nation's Grace and Pride;

E

With

With many an Attribute divine,
Wife, gentle, generous, benign.

The bleeding Chiefs now panting lay,
Their Souls on wing to quit their Clay;
Ready, just ready to depart,
The warm Stream issuing from the Heart,
When the sage Druid, who well knew
The Virtues of each Herb that grew,
Exerts his utmost Skill and Care,
To snatch from Death the warlike Pair :
Success awaits the generous Deed,
Their recent Wounds no longer bleed,
Returning Life, with blooming Grace,
Begins to paint each Hero's Face;
And Both in feeble Accents strove
To praise the gentle Druid's Love ;

While

While He, with strong Amazement wrought,
Enquires for what? for whom they fought?
Whence all this Whirl of Passion rose?
What envious Discord made them Foes?

The fable Knight, with courteous Guise,
Attentive hears, and thus replies :

- " Kind Soother of our Pains attend,
- " Thou Soul's Physician, Father, Friend ;
- " From trivial Cause our Quarrel rose,
- " No injur'd Beauty made us Foes ;
- " No lofty Hopes of tow'ring Fame,
- " Inspir'd us with a rival Claim ;
- " Strangers we are, by Chance here brought,
- " First met, where soon we rashly fought ;
- " That stubborn Chief, perversely bold,
- " Denies this Shield is shining Gold."

" That," quoth Sir white, " I still deny,
 " 'Tis you, Sir, are perverse, not I;
 " Here rev'rend Sage, with me, behold
 " This Silver Shield, which he calls Gold:
 " From hence my instant Passion grew,
 " Who doubts my Word shall own it true."

The list'ning Druid inly griev'd,
 And many a Sigh his Bosom heav'd;
 Then mildly graceful Silence broke,
 His Wisdom ravish'd as he spoke:
 " O! Will perverse of Human Kind,
 " With Passion's Gusts to rend the Mind;
 " Hence rise these sudden Starts of Ire,
 " That set our little World on Fire!
 " Ah! why is Reason thrown aside,
 " Of Heaven the Gift, of Man the Pride!

" Or

" Or why is her Companion, Truth,
 " Tho' blest'd in Heav'n with endless Youth,
 " With meek ey'd Peace, her constant Friend,
 " Forbid our erring Steps to tend ?
 " Had these, my Sons ! but grac'd your Train,
 " This Blood had never dy'd the Plain.
 " Wrong were ye Both, and yet Both right ;
 " For had ye, ere you join'd in Fight,
 " With calm Attention view'd this Shield,
 " The fair Device, the blazing Field,
 " At once, sans discord, Both had told
 " How fair the Silver, rich the Gold.

" My Words to prove, again look o'er
 " The Shield which caught your Eyes before,
 " Then instant change your Sides, and view
 " Your warm Affertions both were true :

" This

“ This Side the burnish'd Gold displays,
“ On that fair Silver darts her Rays ;
“ Had then delib'rate Judgment sway'd,
“ And Reason Anger's Pow'r allay'd,
“ This of yourselves you might have found,
“ Nor stain'd with Blood the peaceful Ground :
“ But as from noisome Weeds and Flow'rs
“ We Juices draw, by chymick Pow'rs,
“ Of sovereign Aid to banish Pain,
“ And usher rosey Health again ;
“ So, from your Errors, Wisdom glean,
“ And ev'ry Sense from Passion wean :
“ Permit me, for your common Weal,
“ Now to intreat, with friendly Zeal,
“ That each his suppliant Hands would rear,
“ And by this brilliant Goddess swear,

Never

" Never in rash Dispute engage,

" Nor War on light Surmises wage ;

" From this Misconduct happier rise,

" Be noble, patient, just, and wise."

GAY says, from Things minute and mean,

A virtuous Mind will Morals glean ;

Then Statesmen, Patriots, Whig, or Tory,

With Candour weigh the recent Story.

PASTORALS.

F

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pastorals were taken from the Prose Translation of Gesner's, printed 1762, for Becket and De Hont.

D A P H N I S.

“ The Storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
“ And one unbounded Spring encircle all.”

THOMPSON.

ONE Morn, when hoary Winter 'gan his Reign,
And fleecy Showers had whit'ned o'er the Plain,
Young Daphnis, musing by his chearful Fire,
Pleas'd, in his straw-crown'd Hutt, attun'd his Lyre;
The crackling Wood with sprightly Ardour blaz'd,
While thro' his little Casement Daphnis gaz'd,
And thus he sang — ‘ Hail! Winter, tho' severe,
‘ Thy Charms are striking as the blooming Year;

- ‘ How pleasant ’tis to see the melting Ray,
- ‘ Smiling thro’ Mists that hover o’er the Day;
- ‘ What charming Landscapes do the Vallies yield,
- ‘ The Snow how brilliant that adorns the Field;
- ‘ The leaf-less Branches of yon hoary Trees,
- ‘ Rob’d in new beauty, sparkle as they freeze:
- ‘ Those Hedges, late array’d in flow’ry Pride,
- ‘ That might for fragrance with the Rose have vy’d;
- ‘ Tho’ lost their Sweets, are yet superbly drest,
- ‘ And Nature’s Hand impearls their russet Vest:
- ‘ See how the briery Twigs and pointed Thorn,
- ‘ Crufted in glitt’ring Frost, the Scene adorn;
- ‘ Transparent Icicles, like Dew-Drops run,
- ‘ Wave in the Wind and sparkle in the Sun;
- ‘ The infant Corn shoots forth in verdant Blades,
- ‘ Diffusing Softness o’er the op’ning Glades;

‘ No

- ‘ No more the Herds on grassy Meads are fed,
‘ Or lie luxuriant on their Cowflip Bed ;
‘ The bleating Flocks no more on knot Grass feed,
‘ Nor tending Shepherd tunes his Past’ral Reed ;
‘ But, in the litter’d Stall and close pen’d Fold,
‘ Exulting, view afar the Winter’s Cold :
‘ So hard the Earth, that scarce a Step remains
‘ To speak the docile Oxen’s useful Pains ;
‘ Who, from the distant Shed, laborious bear
‘ The hoarded Faggots of the former Year.
‘ Flown are the Tenants from the naked Groves,
‘ In search of warmer Climes to chaunt their Loves ;
‘ Save the lone Titmouse, twit’ring still his Note,
‘ And hardy Wren, who swells her little Throat ;
‘ The Red-Breasts too, still tune domestick Song,
‘ And as they chirping call they hop along ;

My

‘ My willing Hand their pressing Wants supply,
‘ Which thankful peckt, again they mount the Sky;
‘ Nor Snow, nor Frost, prevents their Tribute Lay,
‘ Dost thou; O! Man, such constant Homage pay?

‘ See! where yon spreading Oak its Shelter lends,
‘ Where distant Smoak in tow’ring Curves ascends,
‘ Beneath that rustick Roof my Phillis dwells,
‘ That Maid who all our Village Maids excells;
‘ Ev’n now, perhaps, her Thoughts delighted rove
‘ On absent Daphnis, and his faithful Love;
‘ Haply her Shepherd’s Praise she deigns to sing,
‘ And chaunts soft Wishes for the distant Spring:
‘ For then our Flocks together sweetly stray,
‘ And social Converse gilds each lovely Day;
‘ Sweet is her Converse, beauteous too the Maid,
‘ Fair as the Spring in op’ning Buds array’d;

‘ Yet

‘ Yet Charms more lasting my Affections bind,
‘ I love my Phillis for her gen’rous Mind.

‘ Ardent I’ve lov’d her, ever since that Day
‘ Alexis’ Goats did o’er yon Mountain stray ;
‘ When the young Shepherd, from the bending Rock,
‘ Explor’d the Cause of his diminisht Flock ;
‘ There his two Goats (the One was big with Young)
‘ He murder’d views, as o’er the Cliff he hung :
‘ Now rising Sighs Alexis’ Bosom swell,
‘ And gushing Tears his honest Anguish tell ;
“ For, oh ! alas ! my Father’s poor,” he cry’d,
“ Where shall I stray to get his Wants supply’d ?
“ Home can I ne’er return, ah ! luckless Day,
“ Ill fated Goats, why from me did ye stray ?”

‘ Attentive, Phillis dropt a pitying Tear,
‘ And bade him not of Providence despair ;

‘ Then

‘ Then thus she said; “Poor Shepherd, weep no more;
“ Indulgent Heav’n has giv’n me larger Store;
“ From my increasing Fold two Goats be thine,
“ One too with young, good Youth no more repine.”
‘ With Joy the grateful Shepherd wept once more,
‘ Her flowing Eyes again with Joy ran o’er,
‘ Whilst I enraptur’d wept, and Phillis prais’d,
‘ Whose sympathizing Heart th’ afflicted rais’d.

‘ O! Winter, be thou as thou wilt, severe,
‘ This well tun’d Flute shall charm each list’ning Ear;
‘ While grateful Shepherds join in Phillis’ Praise,
‘ To her the truest, tend’rest Notes I’ll raise:
‘ Though this keen Season kills each beauteous Flow’r,
‘ Nor winding Woodbines stray around yon Bow’r;
‘ What tho’ no Zephyrs ambient Incense breathe,
‘ A Chaplet for her Brow I yet can wreath;

‘ For

- ‘ For the green Myrtle still in Beauty grows,
- ‘ Nor yields in fragrance to the blushing Rose :
- ‘ And this soft warbling Bird, I’ve nurs’d so long,
- ‘ Shall grace the Present with mellifluous Song.
- ‘ Be sure, sweet Songster ! to extend thy Throat,
- ‘ And charm my Phillis with thy sprightliest Note ;
- ‘ Then may she listen and with Joy approve,
- ‘ Notes that remind her of her Daphnis’ Love.’

Thus ends the Shepherd’s Carol for the Day,
 Alexis heard, and much approv’d the Lay.

DAPHNE'S A PASTORAL

For the green meads still in beauty glow
Now yields in fragrance to the blushing rose
And this last wandering bird, I've caught to song
I'll give the flock with ecstasies to sing
Be fair, sweet songster, to extend thy throat
And charm my Phillis with thy fragrant notes
REPLETION

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE

REFLECTIONS

IN THE

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

REFLECTIONS

IN THE

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE

"Behold you creeping things the Mole
"Throw up the earth, but who can pain
"Like Nature

Thomson

IN THE

WHY loiter Daphne, whether does the day
The dawn is breaking, come away
The comes not yet, discontented heart be still:
I'll wait her coming near this morning's Kill,
And the dull interval of time beguile,
In viewing Myrtae's cheek by Myrtae's smile.

REFLECTIONS

IN THE

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

“ Behold yon breathing Prospect bids the Muse
“ Throw all her Beauty forth. But who can paint
“ Like Nature.”

THOMPSON.

WHY loiters Daphne! whither does she stray!
Thy Damon calls, haste Daphne, come away.
She comes not yet! impatient heart be still:
I'll wait her coming near this murm'ring Rill,
And the dull Interval of Time beguile,
In viewing Myriads chear'd by Nature's Smile.

Not

46 REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

Not you ye swarthy Pines can please my Sight ;
 Nor you tall Oaks that grace the Mountain's Height ;
 Nor thou full Stream, whose rapid Waters roll
 Like Thunder echoing from the distant Pole ;
 But you soft babbling Brooks that gently stray,
 And 'midst promiscuous Sweets in Eddies play ;
 While broad-leav'd Plants your glassy Surface hide,
 And Cresses float upon your circling Tide ;
 While vernal Flow'rs their dulcet Fragrance lend,
 And o'er your limpid Stream in Clusters bend.

With heedful Eyes here view this turfy Grove,
 See ! how the Insect-World transported rove !
 What od'rous Sweets those Flow'ry Banks display,
 And orient Drops profuse the Grass array !
 The tall Blades waving like the lofty Pine,
 While little Tufts in humbler Beauty shine ;

But

REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE. 47

But not a Flow'r a sweeter Fragrance yields,
Than the blue Violet 'midst th' enamel'd Fields;
Emblem of sacred Wisdom, meek she bends,
Diffusing Sweetness to her humble Friends;
Whilst other Flow'rs, less sweet, less lovely fair,
With tow'ring Heads salute the ambient Air;
Yet breathing Odours rise profuse from all,
Each offers Incense at the Morning's Call.

Mark! sportive Swarms now hail the Sun's bright Ray,
With Wings whose Colours gild the Face of Day;
Here Beauty, Order, just Proportion shine,
And chaunt — "The Hand that made us is Divine."
But what sweet Blossom's that which greets mine Eye
With Tints of Azure and the Tyrian Dye!
How wanton Zephyrs sporting o'er it play!
But, ah! th' enchanted Flow'ret's flown away!

48 REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

A Being animate He too can boast,
For in the Butterfly the Blossom's lost!

Behold! yon Insect gaily sportive fly,
And charm, with varied Grace, th' astonish'd Eye;
His jetty Scales in polish'd Order plac'd,
And with rich scarlet Plumes his Sides are grac'd;
That Pink attractive bids him sweetly rest,
And 'hum the Passions of his little Breast;
Haply his absent Mate inspires his Notes,
Whilst his soft Musick in the Æther floats.
Ye gentle Zephyrs for a while be still,
O! cease to flow awhile thou purling Rill,
That I may hear this Minstrel of the Grove,
In sweetest Accents tune his Song of Love:
Such are its tender Sounds that scarce the Ear,
Notes so refin'd, so delicate can hear;

Such

Such the Construction of its curious Mould,
Hardly the Eye the Fabrick can behold.

Ah! whence that rustling Sound? say flow'ry Bed!
Each Rose, each Lilly bends its wavy Head!
Affrighted bends! for lo! a hostile Train
Of yellow Rovers hover o'er the Plain;
The industrious Spoilers ev'ry Flow'r explore,
And add new Fragrance to their balmy Store;
With equal Ardour diligently stray,
Then rapt'rous bear their honey'd Prize away.

There, in that Trefoil Shade, expanded lies
The late Deceiver of my dazzled Eyes;
Th' enamel'd Wings seem burnish'd fresh with Gold,
Now cautious spread, and now together fold;
Gay, gaudy Fly! go, hover o'er that Stream,
And mark thy Beauty in the passing Gleam;

H

So

30 REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

So wilt thou emulate the Fair, the Gay,
Who waste at Toilets their long ufeless Day;
Yet all that Nature, Pomp, or Beauty blefs,
Must yield to thee in Elegance of Drefs.

But Zephyr now begins a rougher Breeze,
And Gusts impetuous rend the quiv'ring Trees;
Each frighted Insect to his Shed repairs,
'Till Nature's Brow a calmer Aspect wears.

Soft! now; what Phantom rushes on my View,
Rob'd like the Rainbow in each vary'd Hue?
Hide me ye Flow'rs! 'tis Hyacinth, the Gay,
Trampling your Sweets he hastens on his Way;
In vain, for him, luxuriant Nature spreads
Her mossy Carpets, her embroider'd Meads:
Insects and Plants, what odious hateful Things!
Sure trivial Rapture from such Sources springs!

REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE. 51

Sol too, effulging thro' the roseate Morn,
Paints Scenes thy radiant Eyes behold with Scorn ;
Such antique Pleasures polish'd Youths despise,
More striking Beauties dwell in Harriot's Eyes ;
To her he flies, the gay Beau-Monde are there,
Soft, well drest Youths, and giddy, gaudy Fair :
Forgive, O! Hyacinth, my want of Taste,
I see no Beauty in a desert Waste ;
On Pleasure's Wings your rapid Moments fly,
While Nature and her God neglected lye.

But see ! my lovely Daphne now appears,
She comes all Sweetness and dispells my Fears,
Adieu ye Flow'rs, ye Lawns, thou purling Rill,
My Daphne comes, and now my Heart is still :
And you, ye Tenants of the fragrant Grove,
Oft shall my Steps amidst your Dwellings rove ;

52 REFLECTIONS IN THE ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

Delights like these my ravish'd Soul refine,
I taste the Blessings of a Hand Divine ;
Here useful, beautiful, united prove
Their Maker, God of Harmony and Love.

But see ! my Daphne's come, in Green array'd,
The happy Zephyrs kiss the beauteous Maid ;
Gentle her Smiles, her Eyes benignly bright,
Yet lost on me were that enchanting Sight,
Did not her modest, her attractive Mien,
Conscious imply the Graces dwell within ;
Benevolence and Truth her Steps attend,
And ev'ry Virtue owns her for a Friend.

A M Y N T A S.

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16

1

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

A M Y N T A S.

" Self-Love thus push'd to social, to divine,
" Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine."

POPE.

WHEN Sol, one Morn, his Rays intensely shed,
With scorching Lustre on the Trav'ler's Head,
The young Amyntas, from his early Toil,
Was Home returning, loaded with his spoil ;
Three beechen Poles were o'er his Shoulders hung,
While in his nervous Hand a Hatchet swung ;
With Heat and Labour tir'd, th' industrious Swain
Hastes on for Shelter o'er the burning Plain.

Behold

Behold a Wood that strait before him lay,
Hither with Ardour he pursues his Way;
The spreading Oaks their Foliage round him bend,
And Moss-grown Seats relief propitious lend;
A rapid Stream meander'd thro' the Grove,
Where Dryad Nymphs in sultry Dog-Days rove;
Close by whose Banks an infant Oak uprear'd
Its slender Trunk, and languishing appear'd;
The impetuous Stream had shook its tender Hold,
And rudely robb'd it of the nurt'ring Mold.

Amyntas saw, and with a deep fetch'd Sigh,
"Alas!" he cry'd, "'tis pity thou shouldst dye,
"Ere yet thy Acorns strew this verdant Bed,
"Or ere thy Leaves maturer Beauties shed;
"Forbid it Fate! this Hand shall fence thee round,
"These beechen Poles shall guard thy ravag'd Ground:"

Then

Then moist'ned Earth around the Root he spread,
And with nice Culture form'd the nursing Bed.

Now pleas'd he views his Toil successful prove,
And now prepares to quit the shel'ring Grove,
When, lo! a Voice of soft enchanting Sound
Issues he knows not whence, from Tree or Ground,
And calls Amyntas! He astonish'd stands,
His Hatchet falling from his trembling Hands;
When thus the Syren Dryad of the Oak,
For such she was, in softest Accents spoke.

“ Young Shepherd, gentlest of the rustick Train,
“ With whom Compassion never pleads in vain,
“ Say! what Return my willing Hand shall pay
“ For that Benevolence thy Deeds display;
“ Speak thy Desire, shall India's Wealth be thine?
“ I'll fetch thee Treasures from Peruvia's Mine:

I

“ I

“ I know thy Wants, five Ewes thy only Store;
“ Speak, Shepherd, speak; and I exert my Pow’r.
“ My favourite Tree, thy gentle Care relieves,
“ Thy timely Aid revives its drooping Leaves;
“ With grateful Ardour I attend thy Will,
“ Speak but thy Wish, and I that Wish fulfil.”

‘ O! sacred Nymph, the Shepherd thus returns,
‘ For fordid Wealth my Bosom never burns;
‘ But if, indeed, thy kind indulgent Care
‘ Attends my Will, and waits to crown my Pray’r;
‘ Restore Palemon to his wonted Health,
‘ Friendship like his exceeds all other Wealth;
‘ Drooping, since Harvest, more and more he bends;
‘ Restore, O! gentle Nymph, the best of Friends.’

The wond’ring Dryad heard the gen’rous Pray’r,
And made the Shepherds her peculiar Care;

Palemon

Palemon gladdens in returning Health,
 The good Amyntas finds increase of Wealth;
 And as the Gods Benevolence approve,
 They shower'd unnumber'd Blessings from above.

1884

And as the good benevolence appears,
They move a thousand blessings from above.

A N
E L E G Y
O N

The most noble FRANCIS Marquis of TAVISTOCK.



E L E G Y

The most noble Francis Marquis of TAVISTOCK.

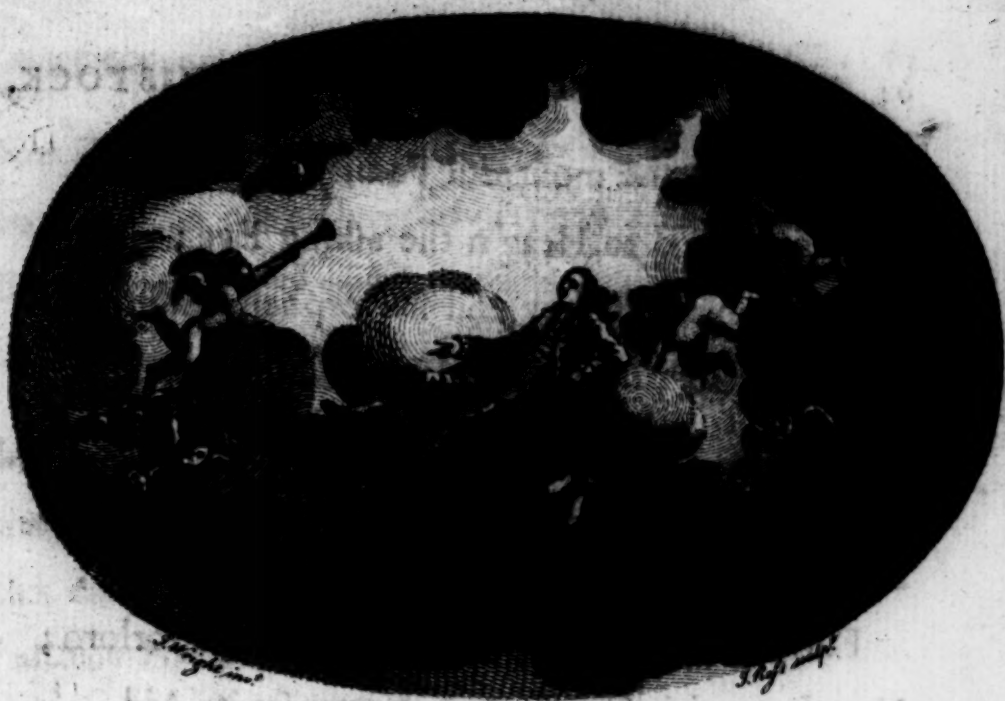
The most noble Francis Marquis of TAVISTOCK.

By H. B. Esq. Author of the "Life of Lord Albemarle."

London: Printed by J. B. Esq. at the Sign of the Sun in Pall Mall.

1791.

Printed by J. B. Esq. at the Sign of the Sun in Pall Mall.



A N
E L E G Y
O N

The most noble FRANCIS Marquis of TAVISTOCK.

THE dread, Almighty Fiat is fulfill'd,
And virtuous Tavistock submissive bows;
Serenely mild, performs what Heav'n has will'd,
Though long retarded by ten thousand Vows.

For

64 ELEGY ON THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

For Him, the mournful Family of Pain
Incessant rais'd to Heav'n the asking Eye;
The hapless Widow and her orphan Train,
With Ardour pray'd their Patron might not dye.

For Him, the tender Father's Heart was torn;
For Him, the trembling Mother vainly pray'd;
For Him, fraternal Friendship droops forlorn;
Nor dares give Comfort; nor expects its Aid.

For Him, but ah! can Words describe her Grief,
A virtuous tender Wife imploring Heav'n,
In speechless Agony intreats Relief,
And hopes the awful Sentence yet's ungiv'n.

But what avails the fond, the vain Request;
Who dares almighty Wisdom to arraign?
That Pow'r, who form'd him, sent the dread Behest,
And to the immortal Youth announc'd his Claim.

Nor

Nor Birth, nor Titles, his all-seeing Eye,
Who views the close Recesses of the Heart,
E'er estimates ; those airy Phantoms fly,
And in the purer Spirit hold no Part.

More glorious Titles, TAVISTOCK, were thine ;
Though born and bred in Fortune's downy Nest,
An early Votary at Virtue's Shrine,
Of all thy Honours sure thy Heart was best.

That was to Heav'n a Sacrifice refin'd,
Thy Deeds like fragrant Incense reach'd the Skies ;
And as too good to dwell with Humankind,
Thy great Rewarder bade thy Spirit rise.

It mounting flew, on Seraph's Wings upborne,
And saw ætherial Worlds with glad Surprise ;
Where 'midst the Sons of ever-blooming Morn,
Thy faithful Emily^a attracts thine Eyes.

^a Charles Emily, Esq; Author of *Death*, a Poem, addressed to the Marquis.

66 ELEGY ON THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

But, O! forgive bright Shade the impious Lay,
That dares thy Worth, that dares thy Bliss depaint;
What mortal Thought can heav'nly Joys display,
Or speak the glowing Raptures of the Saint.

But may sweet Patience, smiling Cherub fly,
And from her bright Abode with Speed descend;
To wipe the bitter Tear from Sorrow's Eye,
And sooth the Wife, the Parent, Sister, Friend.

For great her Might, by sacred Reason join'd,
To calm the Passions, to subdue the Will;
Hence flows Submission, steady and resign'd,
That gilds through varying Life, the nauseous Pill.

That healing Pow'r will shew the blooming Pair,
That lov'd, lamented, TAVISTOCK bequeaths;
The tend'rest Objects of parental Care,
In whom, again, the noble Father breathes.

There,

ELEGY ON THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK. 67

There, there ! illustrious Partners of Distress,
With doubled Tendernefs your Cares imploy ;
Those dear Deposites will your Woes repress,
And bid your anxious Bosoms feel new Joy.

Written on the DEATH of his GRACE the most
Noble JOHN DUKE of BEDFORD

JUST when the hurrying Train of Life is o'er
And Death, grim Monarch, beckons to his shore
Our waken'd Senses view, with sad Survey,
Their idle Labours thro' the mazy Way,
Or if indulgent Heav'n our span extends,
His restless Darts can wound us thro' our Friends;
Or where the Great, whose Talents largely give,
Proclaim them Stewards of the Gifts of Heav'n
Yield up their All to some unfeeling Power,
Appal'd we shudder at the fatal Blow.

Written on the DEATH of his GRACE the most
Noble JOHN DUKE of BEDFORD.

JUST when the hurrying Dream of Life is o'er,
And Death, grim Monarch, beckons to his Shore ;
Our waken'd Senses view, with sad Dismay,
Their idle Labours thro' the mazey Way :
Or if indulgent Heav'n our Span extends,
His restless Darts can wound us thro' our Friends ;
Or where the Great, whose Talents largely giv'n,
Proclaim them Stewards of the Gifts of Heav'n,
Yield up their All to Man's relentless Foe ;
Appal'd we shudder at the fatal Blow.

Long, noble BEDFORD, pinnacl'd on high,
Soar'd like a tow'ring Eagle thro' the Sky ;
By Birth illustrious, Wealth and Titles bore,
But now the gayly gilded Scene is o'er ;.

And even while Fortune, with her choicest Gales,
 With freshest Breezes, fill'd his swelling Sails,
 Still bitterest Trials mark'd the varied Plan,
 And taught the feeling Mortal he was Man.
 While party Bigots strove to blast his Fame,
 Dark Envy's Shafts in baleful Myriads came;
 Not one humane, one gen'rous Deed reveal'd,
 His Acts misconstru'd, and his Worth conceal'd:
 Yet flight these Wounds to what the Sire must bear,
 When bleeding Nature barr'd the struggling Tear;
 When a lov'd Son, his own, his Country's Pride,
 In Youth, in blooming Virtue, timeless dy'd,
 When his fair faithful Mate, with Woes o'erprest,
 Flew to her much lov'd Lord in search of Rest;
 These, noble BEDFORD, were as Lessons given,
 Thy Soul to wean from Earth and wing to Heaven:
 Obedience taught, thou didst thy God adore,
 And full of steady Faith his Will explore;

Serene,

Serene, in Death, thy feeble Voice couldst raise,
And tune, in parting Strains, thy Maker's Praise:
Here Envy's Self approves the friendly Tear,
And owns her keenest Darts are blunted here.

On the 10th of the month of 1841

James M. Smith, the said John Smith, and

And the said James M. Smith, the said John Smith, and

It is hereby agreed between the said James M. Smith, the said John Smith, and

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And the said James M. Smith, the said John Smith, and

F R A G M E N T S

O F

F I N G A L.

L

FIFTH PARAGRAPH

FOR A COMMENT

Now, before I begin to write a single word

of the subject, I must first of all

say that the first thing I noticed

when I stepped out of the train

was the smell of the sea.

It was a strange smell, not like

the salt of the ocean, but like

the smell of a new beginning.

That is why, I feel, I am here.

Of course, I am not the only one.

There

T H E
F I F T H F R A G M E N T
O F
F I N G A L.

NOW yellow Leaves in winnow'd Ruins mourn
Their vanish'd Bloom, and Winter's dire Return ;
Now the gray Mists, on Hill and Mountain Hoar,
Proclaim the genial Pride of Summer o'er ;
The rocking Whirlwind whistles o'er the Heath,
Dark rolls the River thro' the Plain beneath ;
High on the Summit of yon lofty Hill,
Where ambient Clouds ætherial Sweets distill,
That lonely Tree denotes the turfy Grave,
Of youthful Connal, mighty, virtuous, brave !

76 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

There Autumn's Spoils, in rustlings Heaps, adorn
The sacred Spot that holds his timeless Urn;
There, when drear Midnight holds her solemn Reign,
And spreads her sable Mantle o'er the Plain,
Glide airy Forms, as bright as Cynthia's Beam,
That with soft Lustre dances on the Stream,
Splendid, tho' wan, reflecting Rays, they dart,
Amaze the Eye, while they astone the Heart.

O! Connal, Warrior, mighty was thy Race,
Who can the Glories of thy Lineage trace!
Yes, noble Connal's number'd with the Dead,
No more shall Trophies crown his valiant Head:
Far were their clanging Armours heard around,
While mangled Heroes strew'd the Gore-drench'd Ground,
And frighted Echo, in her vaulted Cave,
Redoubled heard, and told the Blows they gave.

Dire

THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 77

Dire were the Wars of Fingal's glorious Line,
For there did Connal Life and Pow'r resign ;
Connal, whose Arm was mighty as a Storm,
Bright as his glitt'ring Sword his striking Form ;
Erect his tow'ring Mien as yon tall Rock,
Whose thymy Border feeds my wand'ring Flock ;
His darting Eyes the native Fire confest,
That glow'd with honest Ardour in his Breast :
Loud was his Voice when heard in War's Alarms,
And conq'ring Heroes bow'd to Connal's Arms ;
Each Warrior's Sword to his became a Toy,
They fell like Thistles by the playful Boy.

The mighty Dargo, black as Clouds that low'r,
With Brow impatient waits the destin'd Hour ;
His rolling Eye-Balls horrid Fury glare,
And scowling Aspect bids for War prepare ;

Advanc'd

78 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Advanc'd, with hasty Strides, resolv'd to try
 Young Connal's Might, and Conq'ror live or die;
 Fierce was their Combat, dire the Clang of Steel,
 While each, by turns, the biting Falchion feel;
 Fate silent view'd, the Conquest doubtful grew,
 When near the Chiefs the fair Crimora drew,
 Great Rinval's Daughter, beauteous as the Morn,
 Clad in gay Arms, such Arms as Youths adorn:
 Her curling Tresses, flowing loose behind,
 Were toss'd in sweet Disorder by the Wind;
 Sharp pointed Arrows her left Arm embrace,
 While a tough Bow her beauteous Fingers grace;
 In this Disguise she views her much lov'd Youth,
 For bound to Connal was her plighted Truth;
 His Life she fear'd, then quick an Arrow drew,
 Which pierc'd unerring, yet in Error flew;

For

THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FIN GALL 79

For, hapless Maid, in Connal's faithful Breast,
Behold, the whizzing Arrow stands confess'd,
Like a fall'n Oak, extended on the Plain,
He thund'ring fell, and crush'd the mighty Slain ;
Or like a rifted Rock, by Tempests torn,
Strewing the Plain which once it did adorn.

The sad Crimora, pale, transfix'd with Grief,
Astonish'd stands, nor dares attempt Relief ;
While bath'd in purple Streams he gasping lies,
Fault'ring attempts her Name, then groans and dies ;
Her Connal dies, can fair Crimora live ?
What Joy can Life without her Connal give ?
Each tedious Night, and each returning Day,
Her Connal's Name re-echo'd in her Lay ;
O ! Death she cries, is Connal then no more,
Unite us Tyrant on some happier Shore :

Death

80 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Death heard, admir'd, and seiz'd the lovely Maid,
 And now with Connal's are her Ashes laid;
 There Earth enfolds the truest, brightest Pair,
 The valiant Hero, and the virtuous Fair;
 The tufted Grass with livelier Verdure grows,
 And there the earliest, sweetest Violet blows;
 While I, extended in this pensive Shade,
 Of mournful Yew and drooping Cypress made,
 Hear rustling Winds in plaintive Murmurs tell,
 How Connal conquer'd, and how Connal fell:
 While aching Mem'ry still the Pair pursues,
 That conscious Plain my mellow'd Grief renews;
 Nor Age, nor Time, these Traces can destroy,
 For Woe writes deeper Characters than Joy:
 There peace-encircled may their Ashes lie,
 Nor Connal's Fame, nor bright Crimora's die.

THE
EIGHTH FRAGMENT
OF
FINGAL.

M

EIGHTH EDITION

THE NEW

OLD EDITION

THE NEW EDITION

THE NEW EDITION

THE NEW EDITION

THE NEW EDITION

T H E
E I G H T H F R A G M E N T
O F
F I N G A L.

OLD Oſcian, on a moſſy Seat reclin'd,
In feeble Accents, eas'd his lab'ring Mind ;
Sole ſad Survivor of great Fingal's Race,
Wrinkled, by Time and Grief, his furrow'd Face ;
Dim were his faded Eyes, his fleecy Hair
Might with the virgin Snow for white compare ;
His Beard, in waving Trefles, crown'd his Breaſt,
That frequent heav'd by ſad Remembrance preſt ;
Nor quite had Age the languid Current froze,
Freſh to his aching Senſe Reflection roſe ;

84 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Past Sorrows recent seem, and still impart
New Throbs of Anguish to his bleeding Heart.

‘ Oh ! where’s my King, my Father, now he cry’d,
‘ And where his valiant Sons that round him dy’d ;
‘ Oscar, my Son, my Oscar I deplore,
‘ Why do I live ! since Oscar is no more :
‘ O ! royal Fingal, where’s our mighty Race ?
‘ And where the Glories we were wont to trace ?
‘ Where now each valiant Youth ? each blooming Maid ?
‘ Low in their earthy Bed for ever laid ;
‘ I grasp, I feel the turfy Hillocks rise,
‘ My Hands are faithful tho’ too weak my Eyes :
‘ The murmuring River hoarsly rolls along,
‘ And in deep Cadence joins my plaintive Song ;
‘ No more, thou swelling Stream, my Woes renew,
‘ Without thy Aid I can my Tale pursue ;

‘ Forbear

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 85

‘ Forbear thy Murmurs, ah! awhile forbear,
‘ Nor draw from fightless Eyes the briny Tear;
‘ For thou recall’st, what Mem’ry fain would hide—
‘ Great Fingal’s Sons, array’d in War-like Pride,
‘ Did on thy Banks in glitt’ring Armour shine,
‘ Erect, and lofty, as the Mountain Pine;
‘ Thy trembling Banks our Weight could scarce sustain,
‘ Thy Waves affrighted fought the distant Main.

‘ Great was the Day, when Fillan, thou wert there,
‘ Fam’d for majestick Mein and pond’rous Spear:
‘ Oscar, my valiant Son, his Numbers flew,
‘ And ’midst embattled Ranks a Terror threw:
‘ Fingal, the Great, the Pride of Age appears,
‘ Comely, erect, tho’ silver’d o’er with Years:
‘ His nervous Hand, ne’er drew the Bow in vain,
‘ For, by each whizzing Arrow, Chiefs were slain:

‘ Then

86 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

- ‘ Then Morney’s Son, in dazzling Armour gay,
‘ With his keen Falchion mow’d his purple Way;
‘ Tallest of Men, young Gaul, his Father’s Pride,
‘ With many a noble Warrior by his Side,
‘ Grac’d like a tow’ring Oak th’ embattl’d Plain,
‘ And view’d, with haughty Aspect, thousands slain :
‘ Loud was his Voice as sounds the rapid Tide,
‘ Which in strong Currents tears the Mountain’s Side ;’
“ Fingal ! he cry’d, why singly wilt thou reign,
“ Unfit the Toils of Empire to sustain ?
“ Thou Son of mighty Corval, gray with Years,
“ Behold ! a rival King, in me appears ;
“ Agile my Arm the Sceptre well to wield,
“ The Sword to brandish, or to grasp the Shield ;
“ Able my Brow the regal Gold to wear,
“ Well can my Mind the Toils of Empire bear ;

“ For

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 87

“ For I am strong as Boreas on the Main,
“ Or as a Whirlwind sweeping o’er the Plain ;
“ Then Fingal yield, the Diadem resign,
“ Thy Life and Empire else shall soon be mine.”

‘ Oscar, my Son, the haughty Boaster heard,
‘ And swift his nervous Arm for Combat rear’d ;
‘ But mighty Fingal, smiling in Disdain,
‘ Approach’d the insulting Hero of the Plain ;
“ Oscar begone, he cry’d, behold me here,
“ That rival King whom Morney’s Son shall fear :”
‘ Then, with redoubled Blows, the Heroes join,
‘ And Nature’s Gifts with active Art combine ;
‘ With sturdy Arms in rude Embrace they meet,
‘ And tear the rugged Ground with struggling Feet ;
‘ Like a toft Skiff, which dashing Waves rebound,
‘ Their crackling Sinews echo’d all around :

‘ Long

88 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL

‘ Long did they Toil, with equal Skill and Might,
 ‘ E’en till the Sun was wrapt in dusky Night;
 ‘ Then, like two falling Oaks, they crush’d the Field,
 ‘ And Morney’s Son was late constrain’d to yield:
 ‘ The aged conquers, Gaul is overcome,
 ‘ And waits, in captive Bonds, his hapless Doom;
 ‘ When lo! a beauteous Form our Wonder drew,
 ‘ With radiant Eyes o’ercharg’d with pearly Dew;
 ‘ Sweet as the Morn, and as the Rainbow fair,
 ‘ With Neck of Snow, and Braids of golden Hair;
 ‘ Gentle she seem’d as Spirits of the Hill,
 ‘ Which high Behests with tender Care fulfil;
 ‘ Such Minvane was, for soon the lovely Maid
 ‘ Herself declar’d, and thus to Fingal said.’

“ O! mighty King, regard with gracious Ear,
 “ And grant, O! instant grant, my earnest Pray’r;

“ Loose

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 89

“ Loose me the Bands of Gaul, my Brother free,
“ Who never own'd a Conqueror but thee ;
“ Restore, O ! quickly to my fond Embrace,
“ His Sister's Joy, the Pride of all his Race.”

‘ Admiring Fingal gently made Reply ;’
“ Lives there a Man that can thy suit deny,
“ Thou lovely Minvane ! Daughter of the Hill,
“ Thy ev'ry Wish with Rapture I fulfil ;
“ Yes, Maiden fairer than the northern Snow,
“ Sweet as the opening Roses fragrant glow,
“ The valiant Gaul be thine, I burst his Chain,
“ Nor from thy tender Breast one Joy detain.”

‘ With gentle Accents thus he cheer'd the Maid,
‘ Yet here, alas ! are now his Ashes laid ;
‘ Mute now that Tongue so often wont to charm,
‘ Clos'd the keen Eye, unstrung the nervous Arm ;

N

While

90 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

- ‘ While old and fightless I his Deeds relate,
- ‘ And fondly wrest them from devouring Fate;
- ‘ His honour’d Tomb with pious Tears bedew,
- ‘ And while I strive to sooth my Griefs renew.’

A N N I N G A I T
A N D
A J U T T;
A G R E E N L A N D T A L E.

" The Soul, which Constancy inspires, has Pow'r to climb
" To all the Heights sublime
" Of Virtue's tow'ring Hill."

M A S O N.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tale is taken from the fourth Volume of the
Rambler.

A N N I N G A I T

A N D

A J U T T.

LOVE, powerful Love, impatient of Controul,
Softens the Heart, and animates the Soul;
That Love refin'd that can the Magick boast,
Of Warmth unchang'd amidst eternal Frost :
Witness fair Ajutt, Pride of Icy Plains,
Where Darkness Half the Year triumphant reigns,
And faithful gen'rous Anningait, the Youth,
By Love taught Softness, by that Softness Truth :

Both

Both flourish'd sweet on Greenland's rigid Coast,
Pure as its Snow, and constant as its Frost;
No polish'd Arts of specious Vice they knew,
The Youth was noble, and the Maid was true;
From earliest Dawn their Charms no Rival saw,
By Nature bless'd beyond her usual Law;
No Greenland-Swain like Anningait could dare,
To fix th' Harpoon, or rouse the Whale to war;
From his firm Hand the unerring Jav'lin flew,
His Bark deep loaded by the Seal he slew;
Bless'd in his Friends, illustrious was his Race,
Grac'd by his Birth, his Birth his Actions grace.

'Twas at a solemn Feast in Greenland held,
Where beauteous Ajutt ev'ry Nymph excell'd,
That Anningait first saw the blooming Fair,
With modest Sense, and unaffected Air;

He

He gaz'd with Rapture! Ajutt did the same!
 Their Souls, congenial, caught the rising Flame;
 On her, alone, he fix'd his firm Regard,
 The choicest Whale was to her Board prefer'd;
 A spotless Ermine (Emblem of her Mind)
 To deck her Shoulders he from his resign'd;
 With these a Gift of greater Worth bestow'd,
 A Heart all Her's, a Heart supremely good;
 To sing her Charms his artless Voice was fir'd,
 Thus flow'd the Lay which Love and she inspir'd:

‘ Ajutt, more beauteous than th’ willowy Shade,
 ‘ Fragrant as Mount^{ain}-Thyme, enchanting Maid,
 ‘ Whose taper Fingers white and polish’d are,
 ‘ As Morfe’s Teeth, and nimble as the Hare;
 ‘ Thy Smiles as grateful as dissolving Snow,
 ‘ When welcome Sun-Shine bids our Lakes o’erflow;

‘ Far

‘ Far as e’er Thought can trace I’ll thee pursue,
‘ And be thy Lover and thy Guardian too ;
‘ No Pow’r shall Ajutt from her Love divide,
‘ Nor midland Cliffs, nor eastern Caverns hide ;
‘ Not he, of Maids the Foe, that Giant fell,
‘ Curs’d Haffgufa, that loves in Caves to dwell ;
‘ Nor Amarock, that ev’ry Breast alarms,
‘ Should tear my beauteous Ajutt from my Arms ;
‘ And may that Wretch, if such a Wretch there be,
‘ That envious would divide my Love and me,
‘ Be in his Icy Bed in silence laid,
‘ Reft of his Bow, nor wept by faithful Maid ;
‘ And in the Land of Souls when he arrives,
‘ And new to Life in that dread Clime revives,
‘ May then his Scull the burning Drops receive
‘ From starry Lamps, nor have one Friend to grieve.’

Th’

Th' attentive Fishers, Greenland's choicest Swains,
 Enraptur'd, listen and approve his Strains ;
 The Nymphs on Ajutt cast an envious Eye,
 And wish their Fate with such a Swain to try ;
 While she, tho' pleas'd, exults in Beauty's Pride,
 The tender Flame she feels, resolv'd to hide,

But now the long expected God of Day,
 Began once more on sparkling Frost to play ;
 The Snow dissolves, long stagnant Waters rise,
 A new Creation greets their raptur'd Eyes ;
 The Greenland Youths, the happy Omen hail,
 Prepare for Combat with the mighty Whale ;
 With active Ardour all renew their Toil,
 And count in Thought the Treasures of their Oil ;
 Foremost, in all, see Anningait appear,
 For lovely Ajutt deigns the Toil to share :

O

Her

Her Prefence animates the Hero's Mind,
He rush'd on Danger fleetier than the Wind,
With agile Arm th' astonish'd Sea-Horse strook,
And drew him, panting, on his well fix'd Hook ;
In utmost Depths the diving Seal pursu'd,
And pierc'd the Whale, with finewy Strength endu'd :
And when, with loaded Bark, to Land they steer,
With active Skill he caught the dappled Deer ;
Their glossy Skins he dress'd to deck his Bride,
But Hope and anxious Fear his Breast divide ;
For still fair Ajutt further Proof demands,
Ere nuptial Rites should join their plighted Hands ;
To distant Shores commands the Youth to rove,
To find if Absence could abate his Love ;
In search of wand'ring Whales she bids him roam,
To crown their Board when Winter call'd him Home ;

He

He must comply, implicit he obeys,
 Her Will his Law, what more a Lover sways?
 Yet, ere he parts, her Tent with Flow'rs he strews,
 Refresh'd with Sweetest of the Iceland Dews;
 Balmy as Ajutt's Breath, the new born Flow'rs,
 Might vie for Fragrance with Arcadian Bow'rs;
 These as he strew'd, to Ajutt thus he said,
 ' Attend, and mark, inexorable Maid:
 ' See in these Blossoms, Beauty's short-liv'd Pow'r,
 ' Beauty as fading as the Morning Flow'r;
 ' This Hour presents them lovely to thy View,
 ' Impearl'd with Fragrance, deck'd in orient Dew.
 ' Another comes, no more they cheer thine Eye,
 ' And ere a Third revolves, they droop and die;
 ' Such, my lov'd Ajutt, is the Life we boast,
 ' A transient Dream, which ere enjoy'd is lost:

- ‘ Why wilt thou then enforce this harsh Command,
- ‘ And drive me wretched to some distant Strand ?
- ‘ Why wilt thou not my plighted Vows receive,
- ‘ And be my Partner on the boist’rous Wave ?
- ‘ Then could I fearless, ev’ry Danger try,
- ‘ What Danger can I dread when Ajutt’s nigh ?
- ‘ O ! Virgin, beauteous as the sunny Beam,
- ‘ Which glitt’ring dances on the limpid Stream,
- ‘ Once more reflect, recall the sad Decree,
- ‘ Be just to Ajutt, and be kind to me ;
- ‘ Think, ere I go, what Frosts, what Fogs may rise,
- ‘ And join’d, preclude my Charmer from my Eyes ;
- ‘ Thou know’st, my Fair, our Clime, condemn’d to Frost,
- ‘ Of Days and Nights alternate cannot boast,
- ‘ Like those gay Climes, by lying Strangers told,
- ‘ Where Houses screen them from inclement Cold ;

‘ Ere

- ' Ere my Return dread Winter's Bird may sing,
- ' And Night o'ertake me with an Eagle's Wing;
- ' What then, in those lone Months, can cheer my Soul?
- ' Not Seal delicious, nor the flowing Bowl;
- ' The flaming Lamps without thy Eyes would fade,
- ' Nor healing Oil could cure the Wound they've made.'

In vain the Youth his utmost Art essay'd,
 Persuasion mov'd not, nor soft Pity sway'd;
 But ere he went, his last Respect to shew,
 Seven Ermine Skins, that rival'd Greenland's Snow,
 With Five fair Swans, he as a Tribute gave,
 And Seals fresh bleeding from the briny Wave,
 With Marble Lamps, and Oil of curious Taste,
 To deck her Board, and crown the rich Repast:
 With Joy refin'd, this Gift the Nymph receiv'd,
 Sweet Proof of Love, from him in whom she liv'd;

Then

Then trembling wish'd the parting Pang was o'er,
While pitying Sighs her love-lorn Bosom tore.

The ready Boat the tardy Youth upbraids,
And frequent Summons from the rowing Maids :
' I come, he cries ; my Ajutt, lov'd, adieu —
' Forget me not, my Fair — be just — be true ?'
The Words, by Grief, half frozen on his Tongue,
He sigh'd — She wept — and on his Bosom hung ;
Then vow'd unchanging Love, and fervent pray'd
Each Pow'r to guard him for his faithful Maid ;
And that no Syren, Mermaid of the Deep,
Might snatch her Love, and leave her Heart to weep :
With her's, his own he joins, and prays each Pow'r
To guard his Maid, and haste their nuptial Hour ;
Then onward moves — Now looks a last Adieu,
While tender Eloquence his Cheeks bedew :

Thrice

Thrice he attempts his floating Bark to leave,
 And swim to Ajutt o'er the dashing Wave;
 Like some fair Image Ajutt lifeless stands,
 Surveys his Boat, and marks the printed Sands;
 'Till Waves and Rocks her Prospect intercept,
 Her Hutt then sought, and there in private wept.

But now the greenest Moss she culls with Care,
 And dries the Grass for Anningait to wear;
 Of softest Skins a fishing Coat she wrought,
 Of curious Form, like him of whom she thought;
 A Boat of toughest Skins together sew'd,
 And as she work'd each tender Vow renew'd;
 Then in soft Numbers each good Genius prays,
 To guide her Swain thro' Terror's pathless Ways;
 And that his nervous Arms might stronger prove,
 Than the fierce Bear, nor aught annoy her Love;

That

That his swift Darts unerring he might guide,
 That his tough Boat might bravely stem the Tide;
 That the crack'd Ice might ne'er his Feet betray;
 That his Harpoon might never miss the Prey.
 Thus in lone Sadness Ajutt still remains,
 Nor joins the Maidens on the jocund Plains;
 Her Locks unbraided o'er her Shoulders flow,
 In beauteous Negligence and Pomp of Woe;
 The rural Sports she now no more adorns,
 Nor thinks of Joy till Anningait returns;
 While he, by Calms detain'd, or Tempest tost,
 Vainly attempts to reach the destin'd Coast;
 Sighing he stands, and views the ruffled Main,
 And thus to Life compares the varied Scene.

' O! frail, uncertain State, where shall we find
 ' A truer Emblem of the Human Mind,

' Than

- ‘ Than in the floating Ice, by Billows tost,
- ‘ It tow’rs on High, there sparkles and is lost ?
- ‘ The Sun Beams bright, dissolve the glitt’ring Toy,
- ‘ And Rocks that lurk in Ambush to destroy ;
- ‘ Each Cause concurs this sacred Truth to prove,
- ‘ No Joys are permanent but those above.
- ‘ What art thou, Pleasure ? fleeting as a Dream,
- ‘ Which sudden blazes like a northern Gleam,
- ‘ That plays a Moment on our dazzled Eyes,
- ‘ Then palls, and fades, and in an instant dies !
- ‘ What Love art thou ? the Whirlpool of our Rest,
- ‘ The fatal Edy’ of the human Breast,
- ‘ The soft Sensation that unseen obtains
- ‘ Such sovereign Pow’r soon absolute it reigns !
- ‘ Had not my Eyes, thy Charms, O ! Ajutt, trac’d,
- ‘ The sweet Expressions that thy Person grac’d,

' The winning softness and th' attracting Mien,
 ' Which conscious spoke the Graces dwelt within;
 ' Then had I still with downy Ease been blest,
 ' Slept like the careless Morfe in vacant Rest;
 ' Joyous as Minstrels in the starry Sphere,
 ' Had felt no Grief, a Stranger still to Fear:
 ' But if my lovely Fair will true remain,
 ' How light each Toil, how overpaid each Pain;
 ' That sweet Reflection shall my Peace restore,
 ' She's true as fair, and we shall part no more:
 ' That Thought, my Ajutt, shall my Nerves new brace,
 ' I'll hunt the Rein-Deer with unwearied Chace;
 ' A few Weeks past then loaded I'll return,
 ' And Love's pure Flame for us shall grateful burn;
 ' Roefish and Porpoise shall thy kindred feast,
 ' And thou shalt smile on ev'ry friendly Guest;

' The

- ‘ The Seals tough Skins shall screen thee from the Cold,
- ‘ The Fox and Hare shall Ajutt’s Couch enfold;
- ‘ The marble Lamps with sweetest Oil I’ll fill,
- ‘ To light thy Tent, and fragrant Fumes distill;
- ‘ Haste then, O! Time, add Swiftneſs to thy Flight,
- ‘ Haste and reſtore my Ajutt to my Sight.’

Thus was the Youth by Turns a Captive led,
 By ſmiling Hope, Diſmay, and anxious Dread;
 Till rous’d by ſpouting Whales, his Ardour glows,
 And with new Courage to the Fight he goes:
 Ajutt, a ſad Reclufe from all ſhe lov’d,
 Retirement woo’d, by ſocial Joys unmov’d;
 And true to Love, as is th’ attracted Steel,
 In Thought felt ev’ry Woe that he might feel.

Once, as ſhe ſtray’d, by gentle Labour led,
 Drying ſoft Skins to deck her Lover’s Bed,

Nornfuck, a mighty Chief among their Swains,
 Return'd from hunting o'er the distant Plains;
 The lovely Maid he view'd, with soft Surprise,
 An instant Victim to her conqu'ring Eyes;
 Fair without gaudy Pomp, or studied Art,
 Her native Beauty struck the Heroe's Heart;
 By Love o'er-aw'd, whose Pow'r he now first knew,
 Speechless he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 But ready Hope her flatt'ring Council lends,
 And bids him gain the Fair One by her Friends;
 For much he fear'd his Suit to Ajutt vain,
 Yet blest the Absence of her favour'd Swain;
 Revolv'd with Joy his Birth, his mighty Store,
 For great his Wealth, no Greenland Swain had more;
 On these depends her Parent's Faith to try,
 And hopes their Pow'r might win her to comply;

Yet

Yet first presumes his Passion to disclose,
 And o'er her Neck a dappled Deer-Skin throws ;
 This with Disdain the faithful Maid returns,
 Then for her Anningait afresh she mourns :
 Her Father's distant Hutt the Hero sought,
 His Worth explain'd, and ev'ry tender Thought ;
 The glitt'ring Bait their abject Minds allures,
 And the new Lover soon his Wish procures.

Home, when the Maid return'd, with artful Tale,
 They praise young Nornfuck, Hero of the Vale ;
 His Pow'r, his Wealth, they set in dazzling Light,
 His vast Possessions for th' approaching Night ;
 How bright his Form (for true the Youth was fair)
 In graceful Ringlets flow'd his jetty Hair ;
 His Person pleasing, and quick piercing Eye,
 That might for Keeness with the Eagle's vie ;

His

His ardent Passion crown'd the irksome Tale,
 But vain each Art that dar'd her Truth assail;
 With silent Scorn th' amazing Change she hears,
 That they forget her Vow and frequent Tears;
 The frequent Tears which to her Love she pay'd,
 And in soft Sadness all her Soul display'd;
 At last, long urg'd, the painful Silence broke,
 And thus her firm Resolves in Anguish spoke:

‘ Sooner shall Whales their liquid World forsake,
 ‘ And seek for Pastime in the freezing Lake;
 ‘ Sooner shall endless Night o’er Greenland reign,
 ‘ And cheering Sun-shine never gild the Plain,
 ‘ Than I, in Thought or Word, my Love forego,
 ‘ Fixt as my native Frost, pure as my Snow.’

Now swift as bounding Hart away she fled,
 And travers'd Hill or Dale, as Fancy led;

Resolv'd

ANNINGAIT AND AJUTT. III

Resolv'd to see her native Hutt no more,
'Till Anningait she sees on Greenland's Shore ;
A willing Exile from her Father's Board,
Her Wants supply'd from Nature's varied Hoard ;
She oft high Cliffs ascends, and eager Eyes
The distant Main in curling Billows rise ;
Each Time new Hope her anxious Bosom cheers,
Now more than Hope, for lo! the Boat appears ;
The wish'd for Bark in loaded Pomp returns,
Wild with the Joy, no longer now she mourns ;
Swift as an Arrow, darts o'er Hill and Dale,
Now scours the Plain, now skims along the Vale ;
'Till, faint with Joy, she gains the pebbled Shore,
And hails the Bark, and hears the dashing Oar ;
Then, with loud Rapture, calls her destin'd Mate,
Her Life, her Lord, her much-lov'd Anningait ;

No well known Accents her fond Hopes repay,
 Trembling she wonders at th' unkind Delay;
 Eager the cruel Reason she demands —
 The dropping Oars forsake the Rower's Hands;
 Aghast they gaze, as Anningait she calls,
 New rising Fear their trembling Hearts appals;
 The Youth, impatient, long before was gone,
 In a swift Boat, unloaded and alone;
 Their tedious Voyage Love could ne'er approve,
 What Oars, what Winds, are fleet enough for Love!
 But how or where he was, they knew no more
 Than She, just lifeless, on the crowded Shore:
 With Horror struck, immovable she stands,
 And wets, with copious Tears, the thirsty Sands;
 The virgin Train in social Woe attend,
 Bewailing round the Anguish of their Friend;

Her

Her weeping Kindred strive to sooth her Woes,
And from each friendly Tongue Persuasion flows ;
They try to win her Home, and calm her Mind,
But she was deaf as Rocks, and heedless as the Wind :
With gentle Force, at last, they brought her there,
And sought each lenitive to sooth her Care ;
Then her soft Couch with sleekest Skins they spread,
And led her gently to her long-left Bed ;
Then pray'd the downy God her Eyes to seal,
And that sweet Peace again her Breast might heal :
She thankful heard, but knew their Kindness vain,
Her Life, bereft of Anningait, was Pain ;
Yet lulls her Grief with sad Reflection's Pow'r,
That all unheeded in the silent Hour,
She might with Safety gain the late-left Shore,
And ev'ry Terror, for her Love, explore.

With double Pain the tardy Moments fly,
 'Till all was hush'd, and clos'd each friendly Eye;
 Then soon she left her once lov'd Place of Rest,
 Where Peace long dwelt, tho' now no more a Guest;
 Softly she stole her sleeping Friends to view,
 And look'd, and sigh'd, a tender last Adieu;
 While filial Tendernefs her Bosom tore,
 That those dear Objects she must see no more:
 But what, O! Nature, are thy feeble Ties?
 When Love inspires, thy sweet Sensation flies!
 The pebbly Shore her fear-wing'd Feet regain,
 There seiz'd a Boat, then boldly plough'd the Main —
 No more her Greenland's Coast the Maiden trod,
 Nor yet the Youth — Some think an angry God,
 The potent Genius of the Flood or Rock,
 Fierce Haffgufa, or dreaded Amarock,

Detain'd

Detain'd them Prisoners in their coral Caves,
 Whose pearly Pavements shine thro' lucid Waves ;
 Others with kinder Confidence declare,
 That gently wafted thro' the yielding Air,
 They now, bright Stars, for ever fixt above,
 Fit Emblems shine of Constancy and Love.

ANNALS AND A

Open with light-colored paper.

ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS:

ADDRESSED TO HER

M A J E S T Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written in the Year One Thousand seven Hundred and Sixty-one.

ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS:

ADDRESSED TO HER

MAJESTY.

WHEN ev'ry Tongue great GEORGE's Praise recites,
And loyal Gratitude the Verse indites ;
May I, the humblest of the Muse's Train,
Presume to join them in the lofty Strain ;
Let me the Dictates of my Heart obey,
Which thus to CHARLOTE bids devote the Lay :
Deign then, O ! Queen, to view this humble Wreath,
And on the flow'ry Toy, acceptance breathe ;
Myrtles, as fragrant as thy GEORGE's Name,
Whose Incense rises on the Wings of Fame,

Fresh

Fresh have I cull'd from Pindus' sacred Shade,
 With blooming Flow'rets, never doom'd to fade;
 Emblems of Virtues that thy GEORGE adorn,
 Foretelling Blessings to an Age unborn;
 Laurels unchanging join the mystick Band,
 Which speak the Glories of this conq'ring Land;
 These, Royal CHARLOTTE, by the Muse consign'd,
 Trembling I weave, thy sacred Brow to bind.

The Wreath thus form'd, receive it, gracious Queen,
 And mark the Virtues that in GEORGE are seen;
 His Name, by gen'rous Deeds illustrious grown,
 Now shines the brightest Jewel in his Crown;
 Fair Honour sits enthron'd upon his Brow,
 Where Youth and Beauty like these Flow'rets grow;
 Virtue and Truth his steady Footsteps wait,
 And Mercy, smiling Cherub, opes his Gate;

Religion

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS: 121

Religion now beams fresh her cheering Ray,
And Heav'n's Vicegerent gladly owns her Sway;
True filial Piety his Bosom warms,
And social Fondness in the Monarch charms;
From his bright Pattern ev'ry blessing springs,
The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Kings:
What more remain'd to form the God-like Youth?
Paternal Fondness, and connubial Truth.

Lo! now attendant Angels gracious bring
A Confort worthy Albion's virtuous King;
Graces celestial to her Mind belong,
Humble, tho' great, and sagely wise tho' young:
England's old Genius like himself appears,
And points exulting to the coming Years;
With Joy, paternal, bids obedient Fame
To trembling Nations, British GEORGE, proclaim.

R

Long

122. ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS

Long may he reign, encircled with Renown,
 Fair as his Virtues, mighty as his Crown;
 May sweet domestick Bliss, unmix'd with Care,
 And soft Content, each rising Hour prepare;
 May England and her King alone contest,
 Who most revere, who love each other best;
 May his dread Sceptre bid Contention cease,
 And awe perfidious Nations into Peace;
 May home-felt Bliss the Cares of State beguile,
 The Parent's Rapture at the Cherub smile,
 The Joys refin'd to rear the budding Flow'r,
 And taste its Sweetness in the vernal Hour;
 Joys! such as lov'd, lamented Fred'rick knew,
 Beneath whose Care his infant Virtues grew;
 Like good AUGUSTA be great CHARLOTTE seen,
 Nor loose the Mother in the mighty Queen.

And

And late, oh late, may Heav'n's dread Mandate come,
That calls the Mortal to his native Home ;
May then celestial Guardians waft you o'er,
Death's stormy Sea, to Heav'n's immortal Shore ;
There, all forgetful how your Britons grieve,
From 'plauding Seraphs brighter Crowns receive.

ON THE ROYAL NUTRIAL

And late, oh late, my heart's sweet home,
That calls the blood to his native home;
May then celestial Guardians wait you here,
Death's happy way, to Heaven's immortal here;
There, all forgotten, how your spirit glows
From plaudits bright, and glory's crown.





E L E G Y

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

EDWARD AUGUSTUS Duke of York.

AH! royal EDWARD, whither now are flown
The festive Hours of Youth, the roseate Train?
From thy untimely Bier they vanish'd soon,
And of the giddy Flutterers none remain.

What

What now avails the Pride of Rank, or Pow'r,
Thy Royal Ancestry, illustrious, brave?

They, bowing, yield to Fate in awful Hour,
And mourn their Glories vanquish'd in the Grave.

Thy native Britain, from her chalky Bourn,
Afar beholds the mournful Pomp of Woe;

Grieves her lamented Edward's cold Return,
Amaz'd and shrinking at the fatal Blow.

For oft her Senate heard thee, Royal Youth,
Earnest in Britain's, and in Freedom's Cause;

With Speech unstudied, eloquent in Truth,
Alone regardful of her sacred Laws.

But oh! alas! in Life's exulting Hour,
With ev'ry smiling Ray of Hope around;

Death, haughty Leveller, exerts his Pow'r,
And brings thy blooming Honours to the Ground.

Still

ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF YORK. 127

Still more severe, inexorable Death,
In foreign Climes thy awful Sway to own ;
In Stranger's Arms to yield the struggling Breath,
Far, Nature, from thy tender Feelings torn.

In the lov'd Parents soft Embrace to lie,
Where fond Affection soothes the Bed of Pain,
While Love, fraternal, swells each bursting Eye,
And Kindred Care exerts her Pow'r tho' vain ;

This did high Heav'n, ill-fated York, forbid —
No perfect Joys on human Beings wait ;
In vain each Art the stern Intruder chid,
He grimly smiling op'd his Iron Gate.

What tho' deny'd the Balm of social Love,
Yet princely Strangers wept round EDWARD's Bed ;
With anxious Tenderness incessant strove,
To serve him living, and revere him dead.

Illustrious

128 ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF YORK.

Illustrious Monaco, that gen'rous Chief,
His royal, dying, Guest humanely mourn'd;
With pious Awe proclaim'd his pungent Grief,
And with fraternal Anguish saw him urn'd.

The beauteous Deed a Nation's Friendship claims,
All shall his Worth with grateful Wonder tell;
And while they rev'rence EDWARD's cold Remains,
Fame on this Act with Gratitude shall dwell.

ADDRESSED

To the Right Honourable

LORD LYTTETON.

FRIEND to the Muse, by ev'ry Muse admir'd,
Whose potent Unifons thy Bosom fir'd ;
Whether in pastoral Strains thou deign'ft to rove,
Or dwell'ft on Hagley's Charms, or Lucy's Love ;
Or in Miltonick Lays thy Numbers flow,
Sweetly majestick, musically flow ;
Or where the Historian's Page, with Brow severe,
Thy Ardour swells, and Truth demands thy Care ;
Still LYTTETON, unspoil'd, undeck'd by State,
And all the mean Achievements of the Great !
Like a fixt Star thou beam'ft a certain Day,
And shed'ft on lower Orbs thy chearing Ray :

S

Charm'd

130 ADDRESSED TO LORD LYTTTELTON.

Charm'd by thy Light, a little Meteor dares
To mount the Skies, and mix among the Stars ;
There should thy radiant Beams their Light diffuse,
And from Oblivion snatch th' aspiring Muse,
Bless'd by thy Smile, by that secur'd of Fame,
Thou! LYTTTELTON, the Verse — the Muse should't claim.

ADDRESSED

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY

ON THE

Writings and Genius of SHAKESPEARE.

NO more let France her Critick Dacier boast,
The Queen of Isles a Montague adorns,
Whose Genius tow'ring as her Albion's Coast,
The pedant Sons of abject Slav'ry scorns.

Fair blooms the Wreath thy gen'rous Hand has wove,
With Laurels green thou deck'ft thy Shakespeare's Head,
Immortal Genius doth the Task approve,
And bids his Poet's Glories round thee spread.

Thy gen'rous Pen was destin'd, sure, to guard
From Gallick-Ignorance his injur'd Name,
With polish'd Science to adorn the Bard,
Bold to admire, yet not afraid to blame.

O! could his Shade, where Peace, where Wisdom reigns,
Thy nervous Page behold, with Wonder fraught,
Even there the Bard would bless thy friendly Strains,
And own his Magick felt, his Genius caught.

There would he wish, if there a Wish can be,
Whene'er his Montague from Earth retires,
Her Form in those seraphick Realms to see,
And tell the Gratitude his Bosom fires.

ADDRESSED TO

THOMAS GRAY, Esq;

Professor of History in the University of Cambridge.

I.

VENT'ROUS shall I strike the Lyre,
And soaring woo sweet Fancy to my Aid,
Coily bright etherial Maid:
Celestial Poësy with native Fire,
Fancy's fair Attendant hye,
Inspire me with thy Minstrelsey:
O! come, nor o'er my Soul refuse
Thy choicest Raptures to diffuse;
For I the Eagle Bard would celebrate,
That sung of ruthless Edward's Fate:
He sung — Old Cambria heard with awe,
And, in the wond'rous Youth, her Bards immortal saw.

II.

II.

O! Taliesin guide my Hand,
 Attune the trembling Strings, inchant the Lay,
 That dares attempt to carol Gray,
 Thou long lost Homer of my native Land:
 Haste Cadwallo, Modred come,
 Leave awhile your craggy Tomb;
 Let your own Magick swell th' exalted Strain,
 Let it echo o'er the Plain,
 To celebrate the soaring Bard, who told
 How you glorious liv'd of Old;
 How your wiery Harps were strung,
 How Truth divine inspir'd each sweet prophetick Tongue.

III.

'Till grim Edward, haughty Lord,
 Cambria's peaceful Bosom gor'd;

Seat

Seat of Freedom, Song divine,
 There each Grace was seen to shine,
 Tho' now no more explor'd:
 There, whilom, thro' each oaky Grove,
 Prince and Druid wont to rove;
 Mute the Harp and sweet strung Lyre,
 Silent Penmaen's craggy Shore,
 Lost the pure poetick Fire,
 Prince and Druid are no more:
 Yet see! still more immortal now they reign,
 For Briton's Genius smiles on favour'd Gray,
 Sublimest Bard amid the tuneful Train,
 Then bids him boldly tread their Starry-Way;
 And to record their Deeds, on purpose wrought,
 An adamantine Pen bestow'd, with Genius fraught.

On seeing the Earl of GODOLPHIN's Picture.

SPEAKS not the Canvass ! sure I trace
Godolphin's Heav'n illumin'd Face ;
By Honour, Birth, and Title known,
Yet nobler Titles are his own :
He wipes the Tear from Virtue's Eye ;
Astonish'd Want and Famine fly :
His Bounties raise the Orphan's Voice,
They bid the Widow's Heart rejoice :
His lenient Hand each Ill beguiles,
Decrepit Age and Anguish smiles ;
Beneficent to all Mankind,
Noble, extensive, unconfin'd :
Like Heav'n his ample Blessings flow,
Cheering the hapless Train of Woe :

The

The Patron, Guardian of the Poor,
 Who hail his hospitable Door :
 These, good Godolphin, these are thine,
 Honours that will for ever shine ;
 Ev'n when this transient Life is o'er,
 When thou shalt rolling Orbs explore ;
 When thy pure Soul shall fly to rest,
 Hastening, ardent, to be blest :
 Then radiant Cherubs will attend,
 And glad their bright Protection lend ;
 Flying the ætherial Plains along,
 Will teach thy Lips the Seraph's Song ;
 And guide, exulting guide, thy Way,
 To glorious Realms of endless Day.

Written on PARRY's playing upon the
Welch Harp.

YE Bards who erst, in Mona's shadowy Isle,
With Harmony celestial wrap'd the Soul;
Whose Sounds symphonious taught e'en Care to smile,
And ev'ry ruder Passion could controul:

Bless'd be your friendly Aid, for that alone
Could Parry's artless Hand with Skill inspire;
His Fancy swell to raise the rapt'rous Tone,
His flying Fingers guide to skim the Lyre.

To you, ye bards, seraphick Sounds were giv'n,
That soothing rais'd and charm'd the Soul to Peace;
Delightful Fore-Taste of a future Heav'n,
Where Harmony divine shall never cease:

Still

Still o'er your much lov'd Cambria, still preside ;
Seat once of flowing Verse, of magick Song ;
Your mighty Shades the feeblest Hand can guide,
And bid their silent Harps again be strung.

Your potent Aid can fan their dying Fire,
Can call back Genius to each desert Grove ;
Your Sons will rouse when you their Bards inspire,
Elate, their mighty Origin to prove.

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. A R N E,

O N

Seeing her play ARIEL in the Tempest.

DAINTY Ariel, sure thy Song,
Like the fam'd Orphean-Lyre,
Trilling sweet the Notes along,
Might the rudest Soul inspire.

Had thy Voice to that been join'd,
When the hapless Husband sued,
The captive Wife had been resign'd
And gloomy Pluto quite subdued.

ADDRESSED

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

ON

Seeing the Opera of DAPHNE and AMYNTOR.

INGENIOUS Cook ^a of Drury hear,
And lend, to friendly Truth, an Ear:
We, English-Stomachs, love plain Food;
Ven'son, *twice* ^b *hasb'd*, is seldom good.
Tho' dish'd with foreign Art compleat,
We can't, with real Pleasure, eat;
What tho' Italia's Pow'rs combine,
To join their Sauce with Gallick Wine;

^a In the Prologue to this Entertainment Mr. Garrick is compared to a Cook.

^b This Entertainment has been twice brought upon the English Stage.

Though

Though Madam Opera's Skill and Care,
 Has furnish'd out the flimsy Fare;
 'Twill never do — think not we jest —
 We like plain Victuals, plainly dress'd:
 And sure where Shakespeare sits in State,
 And two attendant Muses wait,
 We there might hope our native Boast,
 Old English Beef might rule the Roast.

Let flippant Opera keep her Place,
 Nor dare, 'fore Shakespeare, shew her Face;
 Indignant he beholds the Scene,
 And thinks on Befs's glorious Reign.

See! fair Thalia now appears
 In Guise unusual, dew'd with Tears;
 Melpomene's majestick Frown,
 Condemns the Treat — the Cook — the Town:

The

The Cook, ungrateful Both declare,
Who thus prefers the Tinsel Fair,
To them, who gave him Genius, Pow'r,
And bless'd with Wit his natal Hour.
Then master Cook, no more prophane,
The, Larder of thy Drury Lane
With foreign Mixtures, ragout Meat,
But with nutritious Viands treat,
And then we'll gladly come and eat.

}

On seeing Miss MORRIS in the Character
of JULIET.

WHEN Avon's Pride his tender Juliet drew,
And artless Grace beneath his Pencil grew ;
The charming Portrait oft inspir'd his Breast,
And oft Pygmalion's Wish his Heart confess'd :
But Nature, who the Poet's skill bestow'd,
Who in her Mirror each fair Semblance shew'd ;
Fearing his Bosom to o'er-charge with Joy,
Refus'd a living Juliet to his Eye ;
Else Morris, beauteous as the budding Flow'r,
Exhaling Sweetness in its vernal Hour,
Array'd in Juliet's Innocence, her Youth,
Her winning Softness, her enchanting Truth,
Had with unnumber'd Graces charm'd his Breast,
And, with new Beauties, his big Soul possess'd.

Ye British Youths ! whom Shakespeare's Genius warms ;
Ye Virgin Train ! who rival Juliet's Charms ;
No longer now your Cibber's Loss deplore,
Oft Juliet dies — She liv'd but once before.

Written in an Hermitage.

SWEET Content, be thine this Cot,
Here be ev'ry Care forgot ;
Here Aonian Maids attend,
Here each Muse will find a Friend ;
Contemplation ! hither fly,
And waft the Virgins from the Sky ;
Or, O ! Nymph, be still more kind,
And thither raise th' aspiring Mind.

On an eminent Painter.

APELLES, once the Pride of Greece,
Who rivall'd Nature's liveliest Piece ;
Just ere he dy'd, with anxious Care,
His choicest Pencils, Colours rare,
To great Apollo's Shrine convey'd,
And on the sacred Altar lay'd :
Then thus Latona's Son address'd ;

“ Bright Pow'r, O ! grant my last Request ;
“ Let none but those whom Fancy charms,
“ Or thy enliv'ning Magick warms,
“ Presume these hallow'd Gifts to claim,
“ None but the genuine Sons of Fame.”

And now Apollo stingy grew,
These Pencils grac'd the Hands of few ;

One in an Age at most was known,
And very rare the Colours grown ;
'Till late the God, in happy Hour,
Bestow'd on REYNOLD's all the Four^c.

^c It is reported of Apelles, that he never made use of more than four Colours.

On seeing some Pictures wrought with a Needle.

HA D poor Arachne once possess'd,
The wond'rous Skill by Lloyd express'd ;
The blue-ey'd Maid, tho' born of Jove,
Tho' of the Synod held above ;
With all her Art the Prize had lost,
Tho' she could Aid celestial boast :
For had she view'd these Colours rise,
That charm, that cheat, our wond'ring Eyes ;
Where Art and Nature are at Strife,
For Art is starting into Life ;
Had she, O! Lloyd, thy Hermit seen,
With speaking Eye, with breathing Mien ;
Thy Grapes, that blush with verdant Bloom !
Minerva would have broke her Loom ;
Of Worth superior conscious grown,
For farther help to Jove had flown.

On the Death of a TURTLE DOVE.

WRITTEN

At the Request of two young LADIES.

THOU! gentlest Cooer of the shady Grove,
Mild as ambrosial Morn, dear infant Dove,
That lost so early and but lately known,
We thus with Dirges due sincerely mourn;
Where art thou flown? could not our tend'rest Care
Protect thy downy Coat from chilling Air?
Dost thou now flutter in Elysian Shades?
Or coo on Pindus to the Aonian Maids?
Or has the Paphian Queen, in Cyprian Grove,
Lost by untimely Chance her favourite Dove?
And cruel snatch'd thee from our fost'ring Hands,
To draw her pearly Car in filken Bands?
May'st thou sweet Bird, wherever hov'ring, find
A State as fortunate, and Friends as kind;
While here thy soft Remains in quiet lye,
And teach the Fair that ev'ry Charm must die.

E X T E M P O R E,

On seeing the twelfth Edition of Hoyle's Games
advertised in one of the Daily Papers.

IN print twelve Times! why sure immortal Hoyle,
Thy Fame is equal to thy learned Toil!
With anxious Joy the Fair thy Rules explore,
And Beaus read much, who seldom read before!
Hoyle's charming Theme can fix the sparkling Eye,
While Pope and Gay in Dust neglected lie!

On a young Lady's Birth-Day, in August.

HA I L! lovely Month; by Ceres crown'd,
Who sportive treads thy chearful round,
And smiles to see, in Sheaves appear,
The noblest Produce of the Year;
O! let me join thy festive Train,
And carol forth my rustick Strain,
While Nymphs and Shepherds chaunt the Lay,
And bless Eliza's natal Day.
Eliza, mild as blooming Spring,
When budding Flow'rs their Fragrance bring;
Whose real Worth and native Grace
Refulgent beam around her Face;
Upon whose polish'd Brow, serene,
Candid Benevolence is seen:
Fair Modesty her Cheeks adorn,
With Blushes gentle as the Morn;

While

152 ON A YOUNG LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.

While Innocence and Truth attend,
And wait the Foot-Steps of their Friend.
O! still, my lovely Maid, may they
Thy Actions guard, thy Thoughts survey;
And usher in, with finish'd Grace,
The Summer of thy happy Race;
Then chearful shall thy Autumn glide,
And steer thy Bark thro' Life's rough Tide;
And when thy hoary Winter's come,
Incessant pointing to the Tomb,
Without a Pang thy Soul resign,
And be repaid with Joys divine.

ORIGINAL WRITTEN

ON THE

DEATH of a favourite BIRD.

IS the vital Spark extinct?
Is the quick'ning Spirit flown?
Teach me beauteous Bird to think
In thy Fate to read my own.

Though with circling Comforts bless'd,
I the bitter Draught must taste,
Thou, Tyrant Death, wilt break my Rest,
Swift my little Span must waste.

I each tender Friend must leave,
Burst each soft endearing Tie,
I must press the dreary Grave,
And in cold Obstruction lie.

X

But

154 ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

But what avails thy gloomy Pow'r,
On the Wings of Faith 'tis flown,
Consolation sooths the Hour,
Terror flies and Hope's my own.

This Lay requite, sweet Bird! with Care;
Hov'ring like a Sylph attend;
With Notes ærial charm my Ear,
And warbling sooth thy penfive Friend.

A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

HASTE, O! my Soul; exulting rise,
And with the glorious Orb of Day,
Prepare thy Morning Sacrifice,
And join Creation's choral Lay.

O! may each Sense with Joy attend,
The grateful Rites my Soul prepares,
My Lips their holy Incense blend,
And pour with fervent Zeal my Prayers.

Glory to Thee my God and King,
Whose sacred Guard my Tent have kept,
Beneath the Shelter of whose Wing,
In sweet Security I've slept.

Inspir'd by thy Almighty Pow'r,
I now refresh'd, to Light awake,
And grateful hail the pleasing Hour,
When, balmy Sleep, thy Bands I break.

Still, still Almighty King, protect
Thy Servant thro' each circling Day,
And, with thy guiding Aid, direct
My wand'ring Feet, too prone to stray.

Then while Life's dreary Vale I roam,
To thee the votive Song I'll raise,
And when thy Mandate calls me Home,
In heav'nly Choirs I'll chaunt thy Praise.

AN EVENING HYMN.

MY Soul thy grateful Homage pay,
For all the Blessings thou hast known ;
For those that mark'd thy recent Day,
And each unnumber'd Moment flown.

Now Night, in solemn Pomp array'd,
O'er Half the Globe extends her Reign ;
Now shines the Floor of Heav'n inlaid,
With radiant Orbs, a wond'rous Train !

Let them be witness of my Praise
To him who form'd the Earth and Sky ;
Who out of Chaos deign'd to raise,
And bade th' obedient Planets fly.

Grant me, O ! Lord, each Day to live,
Still conscious of that coming Hour ;
When Death demands, and I shall give
An awful Tribute to his Pow'r.

O !

O! God, with Confidence inspir'd,
I now return to needful Rest;
With Faith and Hope my Bosom fir'd,
I feel the Comforts of the blest'd.

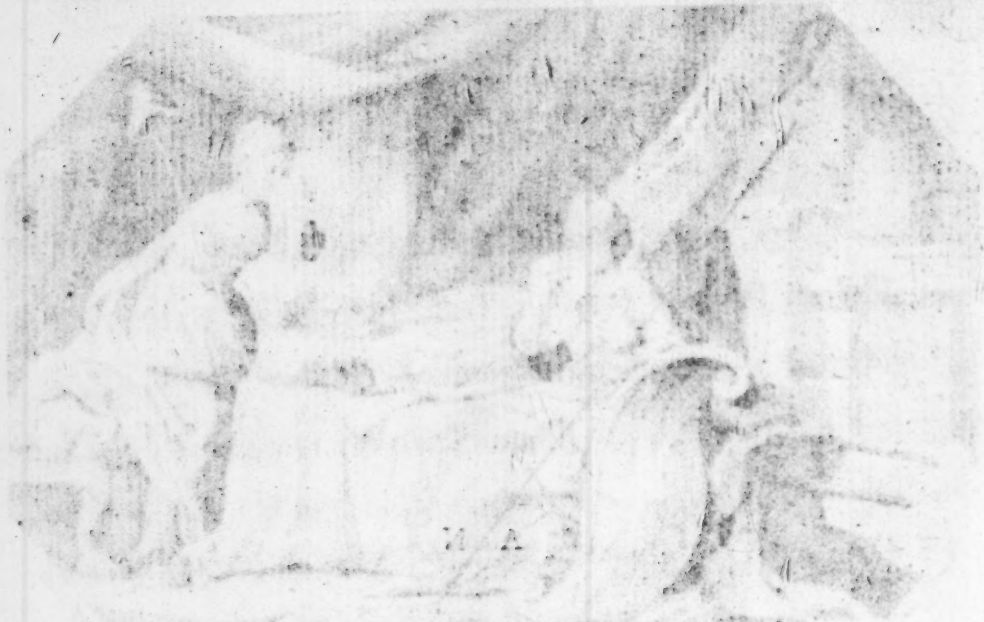
But when my erring Nature fails,
O! let my pow'rful Saviour plead;
His sacred Blood alone avails,
His sacred Blood, for me decreed.

O! may my Soul in thee repose,
To thee, her Hopes, her Fears resign;
And grant my Eyes in Peace may close,
Confiding in thy Pow'r divine.

A N
E L E G Y

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS Duke of Cumberland.



E L F C V

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKES OF CAMBRIDGE
ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS



A N
E L E G Y

O N

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS Duke of Cumberland.

SEE! Liberty, majestick Mourner, weeps,
And with the sacred Drops bedews the Bier;
Where cold and wan her darling Hero sleeps,
No more her sweet enliv'ning Voice to hear.

Y

Sad

162 ELEGY ON WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

Sad Albion, hapless Parent, sunk in Woe,
With Grief, maternal, hangs o'er WILLIAM dead,
While down her fading Cheeks fresh Torrents flow,
And all her Isle with Desolation spread.

' Hark! she exclaims, ah! here, my Britons, view
' That Royal Head, once laurel Crowns it wore,
' Now wreath'd with Cypress and with baleful Yew,
' Bow'd to the gloomy Tyrant's awful Pow'r.

' That noble Heart which glow'd with native Fire,
' My Rights, my Laws, to guard from hostile Sway,
' Its current froze the vital Pow'rs expire,
' And Death, triumphant, bears the Prize away.

' In icy Fetters bound, behold! the hand
' That swift as Lightning dealt my Vengeance round,
' Shook with my Faulchion Caledonia's Land,
' While trembling Rebels fled th' affrighted Ground.

But,

ELEGY ON WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND: 163

‘ But, oh! Reflection but increases Grief;
‘ Great as his Fame so poignant is the Smart;
‘ Whilst aching Memory views the Patriot Chief,
‘ Grav’d on the Tablet of each faithful Heart.

‘ And though, by Heav’n’s dread Mandate, all must die,
‘ Nor Royal Lineage from the Tomb can save;
‘ Tho’ there, without distinction, levell’d lie
‘ The mightiest Monarch and the meanest Slave:

‘ Yet Virtue shall, with honest care, embalm
‘ The Prince, the Slave, who bow’d before her Shrine;
‘ And from absorbing Lethe’s drowsy Calm,
‘ Shall snatch their Names, in future Days to shine.

‘ How bright then his! historick Truth shall tell,
‘ While Albion Empress of the Seas remains;
‘ His glorious Deeds her choicest Page shall swell,
‘ There his lov’d Name immortal Honour gains.

164 ELEGY ON WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,

- ' Each Friend of Freedom must his Name revere,
- ' Approach my WILLIAM's Urn with pious Awe;
- ' Pay to his Ashes still a grateful Tear,
- ' And mourn the lost Defender of their Law.'

A L E T T E R,

T O T H E

Master of the Free Grammar School

O F

O A K H A M; R U T L A N D.

T O your own Little Westminster,* see, my good Friend,
A Letter, tho' late, from our Great-one I send ;
And yours, I assure you, much Pleasure diffus'd,
Good Sense was the Ground-Work, tho' so much bemus'd:
In a Moment most favour'd the Nymph wing'd her Flight,
She had ease in her Motion, and Wit in her Sight ;
Like the Brook, where you woo'd her, your Ideas are clear,
And your Notes in just Unison strike on the ear.

* Alluding to the Westminster Method of Teaching being now adopted at this School.

But

But—of Muses no more—let the Zeal of a Friend,
 Whose Wishes sincerely your Welfare attend,
 Now rejoice on the happy Events of your Life,
 A good School—a good Living—yet more—a good Wife:
 Thus surrounded with Blessings, you'll Blessings dispense,
 For Humanity surely resides with Good-Sense.
 Thrice happy the Youths by your Genius inspir'd,
 You'll point them the Paths of fair Learning untir'd ;
 With classical Judgment their Talents refine,
 And explore with true Candour the Ore of each Mine ;
 Blend Pleasure with Labour their Hours to beguile,
 Still soft'ning the Rigour of Tasks with a Smile ;
 Nor forming the Scholar be merely your Plan,
 You'll tell them, I am sure, that Worth speaks the Man ;
 You'll teach the young Mind its Creator to know,
 That best of all Knowledge and Learning below ;
 Thus still self approv'd you may Envy defy,
 Though swiftly and darkly her Arrows should fly ;

Their

Their Points howe'er sharp, yet will never prevail;
For Integrity's surely the best Coat of Mail;
May it ever be yours, thro' Life's thorny Road,
And may Health and Content still attend your Abode :
Now my Fancy's exhausted, and weary'd my Pen,
So accept our best wishes again and again.

E. X. T. E. M. P. O. R. E,

On seeing Mr. FOOTE perform the Minor;

A N N O, 1760.

**SAYS Folly to Foote, how dare you engage
My Priests and their Pupils with War from your Stage?
Know Mimick, licentious, Revenge shall be mine,
When in Squintum, and Shift, and in Cole you most shine,
Not one of my train shall your Theatre grace;
How thin then your Audience? scarce One pretty Face;
Not a Buck, not a Beau, shall your Triumph support,
None but Waldgraves, and Baths, and such Rubbish
from Court.**

THE
BIRTH DAY,
AN
ENTERTAINMENT OF THREE ACTS.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Ground Work, of the following Dramatick Attempt, is taken from an Author as universally admired, as known.

P E R S O N S.

LORD HAYLEM; a Nobleman, who, after living some Time at Court, retired to a fine Seat in the Country.

HORATIO; - a Gentleman of small Fortune, Lord Haylem's bosom Friend and Neighbour; a Man of real Worth and universal Learning.

FLORIO; - - His Son, an accomplished young Gentleman, a Student in the Temple.

LADY HAYLEM; Wife to Lord Haylem, a Lady of refined Sense, and great Virtue.

EUDOSIA; - - their Daughter; a beautiful and well-educated young Lady, just attained to the Age of Twenty.

JAMES; - - - an old faithful Servant of Horatio's.

Scenes between Lord Haylem's House and Horatio's.

Time from Six to Three.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

LORD WATKINS

OF THE

HERATIA

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FLORIDA

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BIRTH DAY.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. A Garden.

Enter Lady HAYLEM reading.

" HAIL to thy living Light,

" Ambrosial Morn ! all hail thy roseate Ray :

" That bids gay nature all her Charms dilplay

" In varied Beauty bright;

" That

" That bids each dewy-spangled Floweret rise,
 " And dart around its vermeil Dies ;
 " Bids silver Lustre grace yon sparkling Tide,
 " That winding warbles down the Mountain's Side."

MASON.

How sweet, indeed, is this calm Hour of Day ! Nature
 diffuses round her fragrant Store, as grateful Incense for
 her Maker's Bounties. The lowing Herds, around, re-
 peat his Praise. The Bird of Morning shakes his downy
 Pinions ; then, mounting, warbles forth how much he's
 bless'd : While Man, the Paragon of all, too oft neg-
 lectful, with transient Gratitude remembers all these
 Blessings ! Yet, sure, a scene like this, must wake Re-
 flection ; and raise the aspiring Mind from low Pursuits :
 Thou bounteous Power ! I feel, I taste these Blessings.

[Eudofia enters during her Speaking.]

And here, Another gently steals upon me ; my Soul's
 Delight, my tender, mild Eudofia ; may all thy Days
 be chearful as this Morning.

EUDO-

EUDOSIA.

Thanks, dearest Madam, then sure I must be happy, for this is quite serene. Oft have you told me, and I well believe it, that sweet Serenity will dwell with Virtue; if then I cultivate those sacred Precepts, which your maternal Fondness so lavishly bestows, I may in every Scene of Life be happy.

LADY HAYLEM.

Most true Eudisia. 'Tis not a Rank in Life, a Blaze of Jewels, or all the gaudy Trappings of Ambition, that constitute true Happiness or real Pleasure; 'tis in the Mind, alone, they will reside, the Mind endued with Virtue. You daily see the honest Hinds (who taste your Father's Bounty, and feed their little-Ones with well earn'd Bread) know Peace, Content, and all the softer, social, Joys of Life! (which we indeed with our Indulgence

gence sweeten) while Station, Eminence, Pride, Power, and Rank, pine under Ills that gnaw their very Being; because they banish Virtue. Not but that Rank and Power are oft times Blessings, as doubtless Riches are, if rightly used. But come, Eudofia, our Breakfast hour approaches; where is my Lord? we'll spend it in his Study.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, I left him there. Some soft Emotion seems to have mov'd him much. Just when I paid my Morning Duty to him, he clasp'd me to his Breast and smiling kifs'd me; then with a Flood of Tears bedewed my Cheek. I, earnest, asked in what I had offended; he smiled again, and fault'ring answer'd—Never—Tell me, my dearest Madam, what can it mean! a Mind so calm as his, can ne'er be lightly mov'd.

LADY

LADY HAYLEM.

Perhaps my Love, some future Plan for you might then engage his thoughts. Perhaps his fond Idea saw you married. Besides, it is your Birth-Day ; you know this Day you reach'd your Twentieth Year. His kind Heart, no Doubt, might melt in Gratitude to that good Being who gave us such a Child—But, come Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, I attend you. *[Exit Lady Haylem.]*

EUDOSIA alone.

Married! forbid it ev'ry Pow'r benign,
'Till on that Theme his Thoughts accord with mine.

[Exit Eudofia.]

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SCENE

S C E N E II.

Changes to HORATIO's House.

Enter HORATIO speaking to JAMES.

This Hour, I hope, will bring my Florio to me.
When did the Horfes go to meet him ?

J A M E S.

Sir! they fet out at Three; and William said he did not doubt but they'd be here by Eight, as my young Master's ever on the Wing when he comes down to pay his Duty to you. And well in troth he may; so good a Father is not often seen.

H O R A T I O.

Why James, my Son is truly duteous, and deserves the utmost Tendernefs that I can shew him: Think'ft thou not so ? I know thou lov'ft us Both.

J A M E S.

JAMES.

Indeed I do, and I have reason for it. E'er since my Master Florio was an Infant (I think not two Months old) I've been your servant ; during which Time (and now I think 'tis near the twentieth Year) I never knew One Hour of hard wrought Service: Kind gentle Looks, and winning soft Entreaties, oft bade me think I was your Friend, not Servant ; while he, from earliest Infancy, was taught to ask as Favours what he might command.

HORATIO.

My Duty bade me teach him He was Man ; and that where real Worth was found (whate'er the Station) it was His Duty to revere such Merit, and make the servile Tie of Bondage easy ; such Worth I found in Thee ; and be assur'd, in me, thou'lt ever find a Friend, as well as Master.

JAMES.

A thousand Blessings on you for your Goodness ; and may my Master Florio's Worth repay, with filial Duty,

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all your noble Merits. O! could I see him settled well in Life, 'twould make me mighty Happy.

HORATIO.

Of that you need not doubt. The Man, who weighs his Actions by Reason's Balance and Religion's Scale, is sure of settling well; virtuous Content will still attend his Progress, and make each Hour of Life, tho' humble, happy. James! I shall take a Turn upon the Terrace; soon as my Son arrives, be sure to call me.

JAMES.

Yes surely, Sir, I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I. Lord Haylem's Study.

Discovers Lord and Lady Haylem and Eudofia rising
from Breakfast.

LORD HAYLEM.

MY fair Eudofia, what is the pleasing Business of this Morning? for well I know, that you like royal Alfred, assign its Task to ev'ry rising Hour, nor idly trifle Time: but on this Day, remember, this Day which gave you to our Fondness, and bade your infant Eyes first look on Light, I claim a double Portion of it.

EUDO-

EUDOSIA.

Where can I pass my Hours with more Delight. My dearest Lord, I only will a little while attend my Mother, who ever on this Day, trebles her Bounty to the Village-Poor, that come in Crouds to bless and share her Goodness. From that Heart-gladdening Scene, will pay my Morning-Visit to my Aviary, who fluttering, croud around to peck my Favours; then Infant wait upon you.

LADY HAYLEM.

You are a careful Nurse, indeed, Eudofia; and from your earliest Dawn of Reason, with Pleasure have I traced that sweet Humanity, that now adorns and dignifies your Being: For I am apt to think, that none but noble Minds are truly Tender.

LORD HAYLEM.

Just are your Sentiments, indeed my Love. What Happiness, peculiar, thine Eudofia, whose ductile Mind

was

was form'd by fuch Example, and early train'd to Virtue.

EUDOSIA.

My Obligations, Sir, to Heaven and two fuch Parents, I only by obeying can acknowledge.

LORD HAYLEM.

My Dear, your filial Tendernefs repays us amply, and Heaven will doubtlefs blefs you for your Goodnefs. But hafte and get your Round of Bufinefs filled; my Friend, Horatio, dines with us to Day; he loves your Converfe, and you muft attend him; foon as he comes you know he will expect you.

EUDOSIA.

With Joy, I always fee him, Sir; I look upon him as my fecond Parent! his Learning, Wit, Politenefs, all endear him, where'er he goes; but doubly fo to me; becaufe, with liberal Care, he ftrives to impart them, and make me benefit by his Example.

L O R D

LORD HAYLEM.

Indeed, He truly loves whate'er is mine. Long have our real Interests been the same. From tender Infancy to rip'ning Manhood, e'en to this Autumn of our Lives, our Friendship, warm, unimpair'd by Time, more mellow grows; and Reason, ev'ry Hour, confirms the tender Choice of Inclination.

LADY HAYLEM.

I have, my Lord, with frequent Pleasure heard you repeat fond Tales of your first artless Friendship; how many social sprightly Hours of Innocence you pass'd together, while your young Friend's Delight was still to make you happy.

LORD HAYLEM.

Yes; ever gentle, friendly, was his Temper; and tho' his studious Genius prompted him to explore in foreign Realms the Paths of curious Knowledge, yet was I ne'er forgot: To me he sent, by ev'ry Opportunity, incessant Marks of his increasing Friendship; whilst

whilst I, tho' hurry'd in the tumultuous Circle of a Court, priz'd ev'ry Letter like my Prince's Favour: And when, with ev'ry polish'd Art replete, he Home return'd, Heavens! with what Joy did I again behold him, and earnest vow'd, that we would part no more.

LADY HAYLEM.

Which Vow you Both have faithfully accomplish'd: For since that happy Moment that made me yours, and good Horatio chose his blooming Bride (alas! untimely gone) within this peaceful Village have we liv'd, where, Year on Year has gently crept upon us, with little Sorrow, Care or Disappointment.

LORD HAYLEM.

Bless'd be thy Worth, my Dear, indeed we have; and were it not for that Heart-cutting Stroke, his Julia's Death; (in Pride of Life, and Hour of ripening Beauty;) Julia, his lovely Bride; (scarce was she more for not twelve Moons had o'er their Union roll'd) we had been sure too happy; but Heaven, in Mercy,

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strikes

strikes oft'times to save us; too much Prosperity benumbs our Senses, and chains our Faculties to earthly Pleasures; yet Providence, benign, to sooth his Sorrows, left him a Scion, tho' the Tree was blasted; which He, with tender Care, has duly cultur'd, 'till now it blooms with all its Mother's Fragrance.

EUDOSIA.

Poor helpless Florio; to lose thy Mother just when thy little Eyes beheld the Light. But, my good Madam, he has often told me, your tender care supply'd that fatal Loss, and bless'd his infant Days with real Fondness.

LADY HAYLEM

My Dear, I own I lov'd you Both alike, and equal are your Years as is my Fondness; for but three Days was Florio born before you: Indeed, your prattling Infancy was spent together, and I dare say you love him as a Brother.

EUDO-

EUDOSIA.

Worth like Florio's, Madam, will ever claim Regard.

LORD HAYLEM.

I wish he may arrive before Horatio comes; I think he told me, he did this Day expect him: His presence would increase the Joys of Meeting, and add a new Vivacity to Friendship. But, Ladies, see my Watch upbraids us with transgressing Rules, and borrowing too much time.

LADY HAYLEM.

The Fault, my Lord, is yours; for believe me,
Where manly Reason waits on cordial Love,
Time on his swiftest Wing is sure to move.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

In HORATIO'S House.

HORATIO enters speaking to JAMES.

Ah ! what is my Florio come ?

JAMES.

Yes, Sir, My Master's just alighting, and I must haste to meet him.

HORATIO.

Shew him directly hither, I truly long to embrace him.

Enter FLORIO.

My dearest Father, what Joy is mine to see you !

HORA-

HORATIO.

My Son! my Friend! thus let me hold thee to my beating Heart, that there thou may'st be told how much thou art welcome.

FLORIO.

To mine I must appeal to speak for me; for, surely, that alone can tell, what solid Comfort the Sight of such a Parent ever gives me.

HORATIO.

Thy Actions justly speak the Language of it, while I exulting own I am prouder of thee, deck'd as thou art, thus grac'd with Worth and Honour, with noble Principles refin'd by Learning, than if I had a Train of Titles for thee, or could endow thee with the Wealth of India.

FLORIO.

How blest'd am I in such a judging Parent, whose Merits taught me to be fond of Virtue. Your bright Example fir'd my little Bosom, and made me wish to
be

be just like my Father ; while your Instructive Hand was watchful o'er me, pointing the proper Tract to ev'ry Science. Great were the advantages that I enjoyed ; and I indeed should be most worthless, did I not shew by ev'ry Act of mine, that I in Manners, as in Blood, am proud to boast them both deriv'd from you.

HORATIO.

My dearest Boy, no more,—You're quite become a Courtier. 'Tis well I have you here ; our purer Air will purge away the complimenting Strain which polish'd Cities give you. But tell me Florio, has it not mov'd your Wonder, why I should hurry you away from Town (two Months at least) before your purpos'd Visit.

FLORIO.

With Rapture, Sir, I read your last Commands ; for tho' 'tis doubtless right to ply our Studies with warm and close Attention, and I with Pleasure do so ; yet when I think of visiting these peaceful Shades, where first I drew my Breath ; of seeing you, my Father, and your
Friends,

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Friends, (the good Inhabitants of yon delightful Mansion) all other Pleasures seem but low Pursuits; and this, alone, the Effect of Truth and Reason.

H O R A T I O.

When all are under proper Regulation, sure ev'ry Passion will conduce to Virtue; how Few exert that noble Privilege, and make their Passions Servants! How happy they that do! But, my dear Florio, let me now speak of Business. Haylem desires we there would dine to day, and would be early with him; for so he much requested; it is Eudofia's Birth-Day: I wish you had arriv'd a few Days sooner, I might have then rejoic'd with you on yours.

F L O R I O.

Indeed, Sir, that I never once remember'd; but tell me, Sir, how fares your worthy Friend and Family; I hope they all are well.

HOR-

THE BIRTH DAY.

HORATIO.

Yes, Heaven be praised, and happy; very happy!
'Tis at my Lord's most pressing Suit you now are sum-
mon'd here.

FLORIO.

You kindly make me Sir, of greater Consequence,
than e'er I deem'd myself; but if, by any Act of
Mine, I can in the least conduce to serve Lord Haylem,
I shall be truly happy; then pray good Sir inform me,
what may this Business be?

HORATIO.

Attend, and I will tell you. You know his Daughter's
fair, as ever Fancy form'd.

FLORIO.

Who can forget it that e'er saw Eudofia! But what of
that?

HORATIO.

Why that, tho' oft her Sex's darling Pride, is but her
flightest Merit; Charm I mean; for her interior Beau-
ties

ties are by far surpassing ; Nature, indeed, has been most liberal to her ; and those fine Gifts have, with the Care of her judicious Parents, been polish'd like a curious Diamond by some nice Artift's Hand ; which now shine forth and beam a thousand Beauties.

FLORIO.

She sure is near Perfection !

HORATIO.

No wonder then a Fair-One thus accomplish'd, with such a Fortune too as Haylem is possess'd of, should meet with many Suitors ; tho' None by her, or by her Friends, regarded ; till late a near Relation of his Lordship's (tho' not by him for many Years acknowledg'd) appears, enrich'd with Qualities so rare, as really make him worthy of Eudofia.

FLORIO.

'Tis somewhat odd ! Most rare, indeed, must be those Qualities, that give the smallest Right to claim such Beauties. But does Eudofia like him ?

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HOR A-

HORATIO.

You know what delicacy of Mind and Virgin Modesty appear in ev'ry Action of her Life; you then may well imagine no giddy Levity can there be seen, no flirting Air, no common forward Fondness; but, you may well depend, my Lord, who is bless'd with ev'ry social Virtue, will ne'er bestow her Hand but where her Heart went with it. No, He's too good a Parent.

FLORIO.

If ever Man was truly bless'd, this happy Youth must be so. I do presume, Sir, that he has an equal Fortune, which must enhance his Merit.

HORATIO.

Why, as he is a worthy Man, 'tis some Addition. Yes, he is Heir to One as good as Haylem's. Had that but been thy Lot, I might have hop'd to 've seen Thee, Florio. But no more. My Boy! you seem disturb'd. Alas! what mean these varied Passions, which change thy Countenance, and shake thy Frame!

FLO-

FLORIO.

I hate Hypocrisy, and why should I dissemble. My Friend and Father, pity and forgive me ; when I confess the Weakness of my Soul, and own I've long with Ardour lov'd Eudofia : but why do I profane her Name and call it Weakness ; No, I glory in it, and dedicate my future Life to love her, tho' I may never see her more ; though only from my Eyes has she receiv'd the smallest Instance of my Love ; hopeless, indeed, has ever been my Passion ; her Rank, her Fortune, set her far above me ; and tho' your tender Friendship with her Father, gave me a Footing there which made me Happy ; yet sooner than basely to have wrong'd that Friendship, by any mean Discovery of my Passion, I would have instant died.

HORATIO.

My dearest Florio, that was truly noble ; but, well I know thy honest Soul could ne'er descend to Baseness. My Heart is full with strong Emotions for thee. But

summon all thy Fortitude ; for know, that thou art appointed to draw the Marriage-Settlements, and must be careful they are done with Judgment and Precision.

FLORIO.

Was it for this I flew with rapture hither! How mutable is Life! I long, yet dread to see these happy Lovers. But why should I dread, whom I have never injured.

HORATIO.

My worthy Friend, well knows our Income's scanty ; and as I ever have avoided receiving Favours from him, and he bears a high Opinion of thy Knowledge ; I find he now intends to make this happy Period subservient to his Love and Friendship for us, and amply pay thy Labour.

FLORIO.

Heaven grant me Power to execute it well, and that will overpay me.

HORA-

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HORATIO.

'Tis now high time to dress. The Chaise will soon be ready. But I had quite forgot ; you needs must want Refreshment.

FLORIO.

Oh! Sir, my Mind, alone, now wants it.

HORATIO.

Remember, Florio, what a favourite Writer, whose Lessons I early planted in your Mind, sublimely says ;

“ Whate’er the virtuous Mind itself denies,

“ The secret Care of Providence supplies.”

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Lady Haylem and Eudofia meeting.

LADY HAYLEM.

Already drefs'd Eudofia! but you, I know, are ever quick on fuch Occafions.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, I fhould be very glad to copy you; and I am well affur'd, that you think Time a Gift, by far, too precious to wafte it at the Toilet.

LADY

LADY HAYLEM.

My Dear, your Tenderneſs for me makes you regard my Actions with a partial Eye; but, ſure, that Woman's Mind can be but poorly deck'd, who can devote whole Hours to decorate her Perſon: Though Neatneſs is a Duty ev'ry One ſhould practice. Horatio makes it late: Why is my Friend ſo tardy!

EUDOSIA.

My Lord is quite impatient, and wonders at his Abſence.

LADY HAYLEM.

Indeed his coming here, to Day, is big with vaſt Importance to us all; but moſt to thee Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

To me! what means your Ladyſhip?

LADY HAYLEM.

You know this Morn, Eudofia, you obſerv'd contending Paſſions ſwell'd my good Lord's Heart; I told you then, that 'twas, perhaps, for you thoſe ſoft Emotions roſe, and my Surmiſe was true.

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THE BIRTH DAY.

EUDOSIA.

For me! explain these mystick Riddles, my dear Madam.

LADY HAYLEM.

My lov'd Eudofia, were I to paint your gentle Worth in native Colours, which I could do with all a Mother's Fondness, 'twould hurt your Modesty; and you, perhaps might deem me somewhat partial: Let it suffice, that I may justly say, that, by Heaven's liberal Hand, you are blest'd with all accomplishments of Mind and Person, which a fond Parent's warmest Wish could hope for.

EUDOSIA.

My dearest Madam, whate'er I am, your forming Care has made me. But whither tends all this!

LADY HAYLEM.

Attentive hear me, and I will inform you. That such Perfections will ever claim Regard, even in a trifling Age as this is deem'd, is most undoubted; especially

pecially when Fortune is not wanting. You know, that these Attractions have, sometime since, procur'd you many Lovers; which we, as they were all to you either displeasing or indifferent, have rejected; but as we both are now sincerely anxious to see you married well—

EUDOSIA.

Married!

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes; your good Father who knows your Virtues, and with his Friend have made Mankind their Study, think they have found out One whose Worth, in all Respects, will equal yours; his Temper, Sweetness, turn of Mind the same; nor can we doubt your Duty and Compliance.

EUDOSIA.

I hope I never shall forget my Duty; but, O! my Mother, tho' this Unknown may be possess'd of ev'ry shining Virtue, which I too may admire, perhaps I can-

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not

not love him; and then you, sure, will not expect Compliance.

LADY HAYLEM.

You must determine shortly; for with Horatio comes young Florio.

EUDOSIA.

Ah! Madam, is it Florio?

LADY HAYLEM.

Florio, my Dear, what mean you? Why that Confusion Child? Yes; Florio comes for this young Gentleman, deputed by his Father, to make Proposals for you; 'tis now his Business here: But what will most surprize you is, that your new Lover is a near Relation of Lord Haylem's, to which you've been a Stranger; his Fortune too the same, and of undoubted Proof a most accomplish'd Man. You seem transfix'd, Eudofia! Is Marriage then so terrible a Subject? what have you seen, in our Behaviour, can make the State so dreadful.

EUDO-

EUDOSIA

Oh! never; never. Nought else but gentle Tenderness and cordial Love was ever known between you; watchful to sooth each Care that dar'd to intrude, and doubly blest'd when Both were well and happy. Such Joys! will ne'er be mine.

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes; yes Eudofia. Heaven has in Store Blessings for you, which filial Piety is ever sure to meet with. But, come my Life, chear up; be more compos'd; remember what you said this Morning; Serenity will ever dwell with Virtue—Retire a while, I think, I hear Horatio.

[Exit Eudofia.]

LADY HAYLEM alone.

My dear Eudofia, I've trac'd thy gentle Heart thro' all its Windings, and find it ever good. As a rich Soil it bountifully pays for all the Pains of Culture.

Just like a Garden is the infant Mind,

Who sows the purest Seed the fairest Flow'r will find.

[Exit Lady Haylem.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lord Haylem, Horatio, and Florio meeting.

LORD HAYLEM.

Health to my dear Horatio and my Florio; I truly joy to see you Both. But why so long did you delay my promis'd Pleasure? Indeed you've made it late.

HORATIO.

Why, really Haylem, the Raptures that I felt on Florio's coming, beguil'd the flying Moments and deceiv'd me; but blest'd be the social Hour which now unites us; and ever blest'd the Birth-Day of Eudofia: When I am with you I am somewhat more than happy.

LORD

LORD HAYLEM.

We have ever strove to make each other so; and when I gaze, as now I do, on Florio; I think my Friendship burns as bright for him.

FLORIO.

How shall I merit such a glorious Title, as good Lord Haylem's Friend: Could I, indeed, but emulate the great Examples now before me, I then might hope that Honour.

LORD HAYLEM.

My dear young Friend, your Worth already claims it, and you will ever share me with Horatio.

FLORIO.

My ever noble Lord you are too bounteous!

LORD HAYLEM.

You have, I do presume, Horatio, told him; why, with such haste, you sent for him from London.

HORA-

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HORATIO.

Partly, my Lord, I've told him your Intentions; his Honesty I am sure you may rely on; I think his Judgment too. But where are the Ladies? My lovely Pupil never us'd to be thus long before she saw me.

LORD HAYLEM.

Come to the Drawing-Room, we there shall find them; I am sure they are not informed of your arrival.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Drawing Room.

Discovers Lady Haylem and Eudofia at Work.

LADY HAYLEM.

Your Sprig^g, I see, is almost done Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, it almost is; but I am not disposed to work to Day; my Mind is somewhat discompos'd; I can't attend to any Thing.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well then, my Dear, I'd have you work no more; and see the Gentlemen are coming.

Enter

THE BIRTH DAY.

Enter Lord Haylem, Horatio, and Florio.

LADY HAYLEM.

Ah! my good Friend, Horatio, are you then come at last? I am very glad to see you. Say, is it thus you honour my Eudofia? Indeed, we Both have chid the lazy Moments, and set you down as Loiterers.

HORATIO.

O! my dear Madam, could I be so on such a Day as this? No; No; you know me better; and to my gentle Fair-One must excuse me.

LADY HAYLEM.

I much rejoice to see your favourite Florio, and do expect that he will make your Peace.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, 'Tis made already.

LADY

LADY HAYLEM.

I am glad to see you, Florio, look so well ; I hope your Journey was not too fatiguing.

FLORIO.

Madam the Thoughts of coming here, at last, would make a Journey thrice as tedious, pleasing.

LADY HAYLEM.

Eudofia. Are you not glad to see your old Friend, Florio ?—I beg you'd give him welcome.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, my Father's Friends are ever welcome to me, but Florio doubly so ; because from very early Life he too was mine. Sir, I rejoice to see you.

FLORIO.

Alas ! I now am sorry for it. [*Aside.*] Madam you honour me too much.

EUDOSIA.

How cool he answers ! yet he looks embarrass'd. [*Aside.*

E e

H O R A.

HORATIO.

My sweet Eudofia, what makes you look so grave?
I always love to see you chearful.

EUDOSIA.

We can't be always so, Sir; yet the Sight of you sure
ever gives me Pleasure; though 'tis but seldom I have
known so little, as at this present Meeting.

FLORIO.

Be still my throbbing Heart. *[Aside.]*

LORD HAYLEM.

Come, come, my Dear; I know your Heart so well,
that what affords me Happiness, can never fail to please
my good Eudofia.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well, Horatio, you have not now I hope forgot the
customary Tribute, which ever on this Day, you
kindly paid Eudofia. Your chosen Favours, in curious
Order, grace her Study.

H O R A -

HORATIO.

Madam, my Memory here is faithful as my Friendship; but what I have this Day to give, so far surpasses all I have bestow'd, that I must pause a while, it will so much amaze her.

LORD HAYLEM.

Not more, I think, than what I now intend to give to Florio; for I must keep the Custom you have set, and let him share my Favour.

HORATIO.

Mark me Eudofia; In this plain little Caskett, there is a Gem of such prodigious Value, as will, I think, strew o'er your Life with Blessings. 'Tis emblematick only; but if it meets with your Regard (of which I think I am certain) I hope, with duteous Love and Gratitude, you'll ever hold it dear.

EUDOSIA.

What can it be! but Certain it is, I must regard whatever you bestow, as I am sure 'tis good.

E e 2

LORD

THE BIRTH DAY.

LORD HAYLEM.

Not to be backward with my Friend, Horatio, I now must tell you, Florio, that in this Case you'll find a Talisman for every Sorrow; Sorrow and this were never yet acquainted; long may they keep asunder. It is a Gift of Qualities so rare, "it beggars all Description;" before you wrap it in your "Heart's best Core," nor ever rudely wrong it; 'tis what I have for many Years, been counting, like Miser's Gold, but now resign it to you.

LADY HAYLEM.

Why sure! these Gifts have some Inchantment in them.

EUDOSIA.

I long to see them opened.

FLORIO.

So do I.

LORD HAYLEM.

With Joy receive it, Florio, as I truly give it.

FLO-

FLORIO.

My Lord, I do. Ah! do I live! am I awake! and in my perfect Senses! deceive me not my Eyes! it is Eudofia! you cannot mean to mock me, Sir, you, surely, are too noble.

EUDOSIA.

Amazement! whence this Rapture!

HORATIO.

Now, now Eudofia, is the auspicious Moment, for me to unfold the Myſteries of Time, and give you what I've promiſed.

Opens the Caſket and gives her a Picture.

EUDOSIA.

I take it with Impatience. Ye gracious Powers! O! Madam, it is Florio.

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes, that is the Semblance of the Youth I mentioned. Is he not what I ſpoke him, my Eudofia?

EU-

THE BIRTH DAY.

EUDOSIA.

My Father's near Relation, Madam! that can never
be! Indeed, I am quite astonish'd!

FLORIO.

I am lost in Admiration and Delight!

LORD HAYLEM.

Well, were our Promises too largely given, or do our
Gifts exceed them? what says Florio?

FLORIO.

O! my good Lord, thus let me bend, in humble
Gratitude, for such a precious Favour: But can you
mean to realize the Blessing? I hardly dare enquire.

LORD HAYLEM

Rise, rise dear Florio; yes the fair Original attends
the Copy, if that is well received; for so Horatio says;
and he, alone, has legal Right to give you such a Jewel.

FLORIO.

My Father legal Right to give Eudofia!

LADY

LADY HAYLEM.

See, here she stands almost a Statue; quite lost in
Joy and Wonder; Is it not so my Love?

EUDOSIA.

What shall I say! I know not which is greatest!

HORATIO.

Prepare thee then for more—Come to my longing
Arms, and let me tell thee—Thou art—Mine; these
fond parental Tears proclaim it—Mine, and my ho-
nour'd Julia's; committed, from thy infant Moments,
to the indulgent Care of Love and Friendship, that
nobly have discharged the tender Trust; nor ever
suffer'd thee to know that Loss, which else had been so
fatal.

EUDOSIA.

Ah! Sir, are you my Father!—Yes, Nature, sure,
I feel thee.

FLORI-

THE BIRTH DAY.

FLORIO.

Julia, my Mother, her's !—Forbid it Heaven !

LORD HAYLEM.

No ; let me ease thy generous anxious Heart, thou much lov'd, worthy Youth. Here! here thy joyful Mother stands, and I—thy happy Father. She kindly join'd with us, on Julia's Death, to change you Both, in hopes of great Advantage ! which Hopes are fully blest'd : For every tender beauteous Quality, Eudofia sure might boast of ; if Boasting were a Merit ; and every honest, noble, manly Virtue, was by Horatio's Care and great Experience, sown in thy opening Mind. A Fortune, unexpected, now attends thee, which might, perhaps, if known, have damp'd thy Ardour in thy various Studies, and been ere this insipid ; but, now, thy Worth insures a lasting Pleasure ; nor will it be the least to shew thy Gratitude to good Horatio.

FLORI-

FLORIO.

All Power's too weak for that. My ever honour'd
Parents share my love and Duty,

LORD HAYLEM.

I trust we ever shall—And what may we expect from
such an Union ?

LADY HAYLEM.

The fairest Fruits of Virtue, Love and filial Piety.
Yes, my Eudofia, 'twas thy Mother, lovely Julia, whom
we, this Morn, with sad Remembrance mention'd ;
but I have ever been a Mother to thee, and now am
doubly so. My generous Haylem deems it a real Hap-
piness to crown, with Fortune's Gifts, an Object so
deserving ; and is immensely proud to join his Interests,
in such a tender Manner, with Horatio.

HORATIO.

Thou ! truly lovely Woman ! How do thy noble
Manners, love of Honour, recall to my Remembrance
what I have lost. But, no more ; let me be thankful

F f

for

THE BIRTH DAY.

for my present Blessings, for they are Great, and Many.
My dear Eudofia, let thy future Conduct, best prove
thy Father's Gratitude as well as Friendship.

EUDOSIA.

Yes, my dear Father, that I hope it will; and be a
faithful Record too of mine.

FLORIO.

My Life shall be the Pledge on't. O! my ever lov'd
Eudofia; I am supremely blest'd, and cannot speak my
Rapture: But say then are you happy?

EUDOSIA.

O! my Florio, may all our Happiness like this be
mutual; but join with me to thank those rare Examples,
who gave us Pow'r to know and taste such Blessings.

FLORIO.

My charming Maid I do; and Heaven will thank
them, for such a fair Discharge of every Duty.

HORACE

HORATIO.

Well, Florio, how are your Spirits now? Think you, you can inspect the Marriage Writings, with Judgment and Precision?

FLORIO.

With Joy, I am sure I can.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well, Eudofia, how like you our Relation? I told you nought but Truth.

EUDOSIA.

But, Madam, so mysterious, I dreamt not of such Happiness.

LORD HAYLEM.

Now, my Children, soon as we can dispatch each needful Preparation, we will complete your Union. I have order'd all my Tenants to be sent for, to celebrate our dear Eudofia's Birth-Day, and dedicate the Hours to sprightly Mirth. They, with our good Domesticks, shall partake the Joy in which they are all concern'd;

and you, I trust, will cherish their Descendants, whose Merits claim your Notice, as we have ever done their honest Parents.

HORATIO.

Yes, my lov'd Children, be sure you still remember, you live not for yourselves alone; but are the Agents of a bounteous Maker, and must dispense his Comforts to the Needy; and you kind Partners of my Heart-felt Joy:

Let us, with Transport, view this happy Pair,

Whose growing Virtues well reward our Care;

May our Example strike each noble Mind,

And ev'ry Florio an Eudofia find.

F I N I S.